

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

IN
TEN VOLUMES.

WITH
CORRECTIONS
AND
ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM VARIOUS
COMMENTATORS.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

M.DCC.LXVII.

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

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WOLFE

LONG

CONTAINING

THE TEMPEST
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

COMPILED BY

EDINBURGH

Printed by W. & A. G. & Co. Edinburgh

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W O R K S



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MR P O P E's
P R E F A C E*.

IT is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author; though to do it effectually, and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English Poets Shakespeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design which, though it can be no guide to future critics to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatic writers †:

* Valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, containing a general criticism on his author, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion. *Johnson's preface.*

† The reader will be pleased with an opportunity of comparing the sentiments of two great writers on so cu-

not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an Original, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature *; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His Characters are so much Nature herself, that 'tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her †. Those of other poets have a

more serious a subject as is the characteristics of Shakespeare's drama. We have therefore thrown several of the parallel passages of Mr Johnson's preface, into the margin of Mr Pope's.

* Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakespeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. *Johns. pref.*

† Shakespeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the Poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species. *Id.*

constant resemblance, which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image : each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual, as those in life itself ; it is as impossible to find any two alike ; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it ; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have apply'd them with certainty to every speaker.

The Power over our Passions was never possess'd in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances * : Yet all along there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them ; no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceived to

* But the admirers of this great Poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself ; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity. *Johns. pref.*

If this last censure is just, the effect here mentioned is the necessary consequence of that mixed mode of composition, which Mr Johnson has said, in another place, characterises the works of our author. The former part of the observation is a severe reflection on Shakespeare ; but the feelings of almost every reader will vindicate his pathetic powers. That magic power of awaking the passions is the soul of dramatic poesy ; and no felicity of expression, no beauty of painting, no splendor of imagination, no other power of composition can atone for its defect.

lead toward it ; but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places : we are surpriz'd the moment we weep ; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we should be surpriz'd if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment *.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command ! that he is not more a master of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature ; of our noblest tenderesses, than of our vainest foibles ; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations † !

Nor does he only excell in the passions ; in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject, but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends ‡. This is perfectly amazing, from a man

* Whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose ; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference. *Johns. pref.*

† Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter. *Ibid.*

‡ Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents ; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world : Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful ; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned ; and it may

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of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subjects of his thoughts * : so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have look'd through human nature at one glance, and to be the only Author that gives ground for a very new opinion. That the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet †.

It must be owned that, with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects ‡, from

be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed. *Johns. pref.*

* The genius of Shakespear was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dewdrops from a lion's mane.* 1b

† This therefore is the praise of Shakespear, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions. *Id.*

‡ The defects which Mr. Johnson charges on Shakespear are comprehended under the following heads; of the justness of which let the reader determine for himself;—He is more careful to please than to instruct; his plots are loosely formed and carelessly pursued; the latter part, in many of his plays, is neglected; he gives to one age or nation the customs, &c. of another; in comedy, he is unsuccessful in repartee, his jests are commonly gross, his pleasantry licentious; his genteel characters have not much delicacy; in tragedy, his performance seems to be worse as his labour is more; in narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution; his declamations are commonly cold and weak; he is sometimes

several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlighten'd a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage, seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the Populace, and its success more immediately depending upon the Common Suffrage. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakespeare, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank; accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies have their scene among Tradesmen and Mechanics: and even their historical plays strictly follow the common old stories or vulgar traditions of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprize* and *cause admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural events and incidents, the most exaggerated thoughts, the most verbose and bombast expression, the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was

entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures; he is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation; a quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he is content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth: in fine, he neglects the unities; for which last Mr Johnson vindicates our author, in a train of ingenious observations on that subject.

to sure to *please* as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject: his genius, in those low parts, is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqu'd themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; 'till Ben Johnson getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue. And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the Ancients; their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another †. He

† Shakespeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion, and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design. *Johns. pref.*

writ to the People, and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the best models, the Ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleas'd to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his ripper years are manifestly rais'd above those of the former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a Player, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our Author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespeare, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we

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in

are told by Ben Johnson in his *Discoveries*; and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there is more undeniable evidences. As the comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; the *History of Henry the 6th*, which was first published under the title of the *Contention of York and Lancaster*; and that of *Henry the Vth*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet*, enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects but superfluities; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forc'd expressions, &c. if these are not to be ascribed to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charg'd upon the Poet himself; and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgement.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more*: there is certainly a

* There has always prevailed a tradition that Shakespeare wanted learning, that he had no regular educa-

vast difference between *learning and languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but 'tis plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Caesar*, not only the spirit, but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copy'd from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copy'd from Cicero, in *Cataline*, of Ben Johnson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge†: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appro-

tion, nor much skill in the dead languages. Johnson, his friend, affirms, that he *had small Latin, and no Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakespeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed. *Johns. pref.*

† That much knowledge is scatter'd over his works, is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakespeare, must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop. *Ib.*

priated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethics or politics, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it. Mr Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more learning this way than Shakespeare. We have translations from Ovid published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority, (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Southampton;) he appears also to have been conversant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another; (although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them.) The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Two noble Kinsmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was, (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our Author and Ben Johnson, as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Johnson had much the more learning, it was said on the one hand that Shakespeare had none at all; and because Shakespeare had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Johnson wanted both. Because Shakespeare borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Johnson borrowed every thing. Because Johnson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and be-

cause Shakespeare wrote with ease and rapidity, they cry'd, he never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever chose of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises, as injudiciously as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors, those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimus genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason.

—*Si ultra placitum laudaret, baccare frontem
Cingito, ne vati noceat*—

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Johnson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakespeare. And after his death, that author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr William Shakespeare*; which shows as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his cotemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser *, whom he will not al-

* To him [Shakespeare] we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness. *Johns. pref.*

low to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *Nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries*, seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us, that he lov'd the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Johnson might indeed be sparing in his commendations (though certainly he is not so in this instance), partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment; for men of judgment think they do a man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their *heads* at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakespeare's want of learning, so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia*. *Exit Omnes*. *Enter three witches solus*. Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling: their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hektor's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root; it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man

who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Johnson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some Latin*; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay, the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man who had not so much as read any history, in any language; so could not be Shakespeare's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not Shakespeare only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appear'd to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in Quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not publish'd by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector of the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of *Henry the IV.* and *Midsummer's-night's Dream*, might have been so; because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time,

amounts to but eleven. And of some of these we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies belonging to the different play-houses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were first collected) was published by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the Quarto's.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those Quarto's, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the Author. He himself complain'd of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the Clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act III. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of Mobs, Plebeians, and Clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: and I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to the play-house, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes; these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either

lopping or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the original Copies; I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the play-house, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the Quarto's, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *Prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts*, written out for the use of the actors: for in some places their very names are thro' carelessness set down instead of the *Personæ Dramatis*: and in others the notes of direction to the *Property-men for their Moveables*, and to the *Players for their Entries*, are inserted into the text, thro' the ignorance of the transcribers.

The plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *acts* and *scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they play'd them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of music, masques, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mix'd, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midsummer-night's Dream*, (Act V.) Shakespeare introduces a kind of master of the revels called *Philostrate*; all whose part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the subsequent editions: so also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the prompter's books were what they call'd the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character: or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the Players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best playhouses were inns and taverns (the *Globe*, the *Hops*, the *Red-Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) so the top of the profession were then meer Players, not Gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the buttery by the steward, not plac'd at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and consequently were entirely depriv'd of those advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say a dear-ness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakespeare published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage) we should not only be certain which are genuine; but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others, (particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*), that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned

some plays to be supposed Shakespeare's was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the Theatre while it was under his administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the Lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the Players themselves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakespeare the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition, though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause; (as we learn from what Ben Jonson says of *Pericles* in his Ode on the New Inn.) That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakespeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great Genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account, from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages, by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of 'em again by the impertinence of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which Shakespeare's writings lay at present; for since the above-mentioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It

is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done, I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire; than of my ability to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will show itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferr'd into the text are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakespeare himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages, which are excessively bad, (and which seem interpolations, by being so inserted that one can entirely omit them without any chasm or deficiency in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page, with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are mark'd so distinctly, that every removal of place is specify'd; which is more necessary in this Author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently; and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but in the whole, a star is prefix'd to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of criticism (namely the pointing out an Author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general applauses*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authoris'd, (most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them.) These editions now hold the place of

originals; and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies, or restore the corrupted sense of the Author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakespeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his Drama, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finish'd and regular, as upon an ancient majestick piece of Gothick Architecture, compar'd with a neat modern building: The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allow'd, that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-plac'd; and unequal to its grandeur.

S O M E

ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

O F

MR WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Written by Mr ROWE.

IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity? their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical enquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book: and though the works of Mr Shakespeare may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr John Shakespeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father*, who was a considerable dealer in wool,

* I cannot affirm with any certainty how long his father lived; but I take him to be the same Mr John Shakespeare

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had so large a family, ten children in all, that thought he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a free-school, where 'tis probable he acquired what Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the Ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great genius, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the Ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in Shakespeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver 'em.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet

who was living in the year 1599, and who then, in honour of his son, took out an extract of his family-arms from the herald's office; by which it appears, that he had been officer and bailiff of Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire; and that he enjoyed some hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his great grandfather's faithful and approved service to King Henry VII. Theobald's Preface.

very young *. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up: and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest genius's that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London †.

* He was turned of seventeen. For his eldest daughter Susanna died in the year 1649, aged 66; and he himself was born in the year 1564.

† The following anecdote, which falls to be recorded in this place, was related, Mr Johnson says, by Mr Pope; to whom it was communicated by Mr Rowe.

In the time of Elisabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakespeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man, as he alighted, called for Will. Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will. Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his

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It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he us'd to play*; and though I have

inspection, who, when Will. Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, I am Shakespeare's boy, Sir. In time Shakespeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakespeare's boys.

* I could never pick up any certain intelligence when he relinquished the stage. I know it has been mistakenly thought by some, that Spenser's *Thalia*, in his *Tears of the Muses*, where she laments the loss of her *Willy* in the comic scene, has been applied to our Author's quitting the stage. But Spenser himself, 'tis well known, quitted the stage of life in the year 1598; and, five years after this, we find Shakespeare's name among the actors in Ben Johnson's *Sejanus*, which first made its appearance in the year 1603. Nor, surely, could he then have any thoughts of retiring, since, that very year, a licence under the privy-seal was granted by K. James I. to him and Fletcher, Burbage, Philipps, Heminges, Condell, &c. authorizing them to exercise the art of playing Comedies, Tragedies, &c. as well at their usual house called the Globe on the other side of the water, as in any other parts of the kingdom, during his Majesty's pleasure: (a copy of which licence is preserved in Rymer's *Fœdera*.) Again, 'tis certain that Shakespeare did not exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the union was brought about, and till after K. James I. had begun to touch for the evil: for 'tis plain he has inserted compliments, on both those accounts, upon his royal master in that tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the number of the dramatic pieces be produced, admit of his retiring near so early as that period. So that what Spenser there says, if it relate at all to Shakespeare, must hint at some occasional recess he made for a time upon a disgust taken: or the *Willy* there mentioned must relate to some other favourite poet. I believe we may safely determine, that he had not quitted it in the year 1610. For in his *Tempest*, our author

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enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased to have learned, from some certain authority, which was the first play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakespeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of the judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the Chorus at the end of the fourth Act of *Henry V.* by a compliment very handsomely turned to the Earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his eulogy upon Queen Elizabeth, and her successor King James, in the latter end of his *Henry VIII.* is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a genius arise amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and

makes mention of the Bermuda islands, which were unknown to the English till, in 1609, Sir John Summers made a voyage to North-America, and discovered them, and afterwards invited some of his countrymen to settle a plantation there.

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most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by

A fair Vessel, throned by the West.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of *Henry the fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the fifth's and Henry the sixth's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that noble Lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable

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him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian singers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the genteeler part of the world to love him; as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature: Mr Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr Johnson and his writings to the public. Johnson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakespeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr Hales of Eaton, and Ben Johnson, Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakespeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Johnson with some warmth; Mr Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *That if Mr Shakespeare had not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakespeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement,

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and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion *, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit, and good-nature, engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: It happened that, in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr Combe told Shakespeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakespeare gave him these four verses.

*Ten in the hundred lyes here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, Who lyes in this tomb?
Ob! ob! quoth the devil, 'tis my own John-a-Combe.*

* He purchased the manor of Clopton, which had belonged to a family of the same name. The estate, (says Mr Theobald), had now been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakespeare became the purchaser: who, having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to New-place; which the mansion-house, since erected upon the same spot, at this day retains. The house, and lands which attended it, continued in Shakespeare's descendants to the time of the restoration; when they were repurchased by the Clopton family, and the mansion now belongs to Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. To the favour of this worthy gentleman I owe the knowledge of one particular, in honour of our poet's once dwelling-house, of which, I presume, Mr Rowe never was apprized. When the civil war raged in England, and King Charles the First's queen was driven by the necessity of affairs to make a recess in Warwickshire, she kept her court for three weeks in New-place. We may reasonably suppose it then the best private house in the town; and her Majesty preferred it to the college, which was in the possession of the Combe family, who did not so strongly favour the king's party.

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But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath it,

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear

To dig the dust inclosed here.

Blest be the man that spares these stones,

And curst be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, Esq; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbington, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family. The character of the man is best seen in his writings; but since Ben Johnson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words.

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He

• He is represented under an arch in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right-hand, and his left resting on a scrol of paper. The following Latin distich is placed under the cushion.

Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem.

Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

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“ was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature,
 “ had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle
 “ expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility,
 “ that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped:
 “ *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His
 “ wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had
 “ been so too! Many times he fell into those things
 “ which could not escape laughter; as when he said in
 “ the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him,

“ *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*

“ He replied,

“ *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.*

“ and such like, which were ridiculous. But he re-
 “ deemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever
 “ more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.”

As for the passage which he mentions out of Shake-
 speare, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Cæsar*, but
 without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in
 any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr John-
 son. Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or
 three ascribed to him by Mr Langbain, which I have
 never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise
Venus and Alois, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in stanza's,
 which have been printed in a late collection of poems.
 As to the character given of him by Ben Johnson,
 there is a good deal true in it, but I believe it may
 be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first
 Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models,
 (or indeed translated them), in his epistle to Augustus.

———— *Naturâ sublimis et æter,*
Nam spirat tragicum satis et feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.

As I have not proposed to myself to enter into a large
 and complete collection upon Shakespeare's works, so
 I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to
 the judgment of others, to observe some of those things
 I have been pleased with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only
 into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called
 histories, and even some of his comedies, are really

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tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age; and indeed is become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. The *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. 'Tis not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well-sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs Quickly, in the first act of *Henry V.* though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable? and I don't know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of the second part of *Henry the Fourth*. Amongst other extravagancies in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a deer-stealer; that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow, he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his antiquities of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well opposed; the main design, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward.

Malvolio. The parasite and the vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's well that Ends well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in Plautus or Terence. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of Benedick and Beatrice, in *Much ado about Nothing*, and of Rosalind in *As you like it*, have much wit and sprightliness all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Therites in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be master-pieces of ill nature and satyrical snarling. To these I might add that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in the *Merchant of Venice*: but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakespeare's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of music. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace says,

Difficile est proprie communia dicere,

'twill be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

All the world is a Stage, &c. Vol. II. p. 110.

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His images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; 'tis an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

—She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.

What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary? The style of his Comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggril rhymes, as in *the Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him; it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing: though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magic has

something in it very solemn and very poetical : and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that was ever seen. The observation, which I have been informed * three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just, That *Shakespeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magic that raises the fairies in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the witches in *Macbeth*, and the ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr Shakespeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults : but as Shakespeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal license and ignorance : there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatic poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragic or heroic poem ; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole ; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the *drama* that the strength and mastery of Shakespeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to

* Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr Selden.

point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found 'em in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, *The manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet*, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, 'tis *The Life of King John, King Richard, &c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of Henry the sixth, than the picture Shakespeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though, at the same time, the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in the second part of *Henry VI.* which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry VIII.* that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist

wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king, and certainly nothing was ever more justly written than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of Queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish the queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed, in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakspeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are, more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet*, is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra* of Sophocles. In each of them a young prince is engaged to

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revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is, in the first part of the Greek tragedy, something very moving in the grief of Electra; but as Mr Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that princess and Orestes, in the latter part. Orestes embroils his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear Clytemnestra crying out to Ægisthus for help, and to her son for mercy; while Electra her daughter, and a princess, (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency), stands upon the stage and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise! Clytemnestra was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners, proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakespear. Hamlet is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as Orestes; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but 'tis with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's ghost forbid that part of his vengeance.

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother ought; leave her to Heav'n,
And to those thorns thit in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatic writer ever succeeded better in raising *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakespear has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the King is murdered, in the second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly

xxxviii Some ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave Hamlet, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this masterpiece of Shakespeare distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr Betterton's fine performance of that part. A man, who though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakespeare's manner of expression; and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the public; his veneration for the memory of Skakespeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a veneration.

The following Instrument was transmitted to us
by John Anstis, Esq; Garter King at Arms:
It is mark'd G. 13. p. 349.

[There is also a Manuscript in the Herald's Office,
mark'd W. 2. p. 276; where notice is taken of this
Coat, and that the person to whom it was granted
had borne Magistracy at Stratford upon Avon.]

TO all and singular noble and gentlemen of all estates
and degrees, bearing Arms, to whom these presents
shall come; *William Dethick*, Garter Principal King of
Arms of England, and *William Camden*, alias *Clarencieux*,
King of Arms for the south, east, and west parts of this
realm, send greetings. Know ye, that in all nations
and kingdoms the record and remembrance of the va-
liant facts and virtuous dispositions of worthy men have
been made known and divulged by certain shields of
arms and tokens of chivalrie; the grant or testimony
whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices
from the Queen's most-Excellent Majesty, and her High-
ness's most noble and victorious progenitors: wherefore
being solicited, and by credible report informed, that
John Shakespere, now of Stratford upon Avon, in the
county of Warwick, gentleman, whose great grandfa-
ther, for his faithful and approved service to the late
most prudent prince, King *Henry VII.* of famous memory,
was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements,
given to him in those parts of *Warwickshire*, where they
have continued by some descents in good reputation
and credit; and for that the said *John Shakespere* having
married the daughter and one of the heirs of *Robert Ar-
den* of *Wellington* in the said county, and also produced
this his ancient coat of arms, heretofore assigned to him
whilst he was her Majesty's officer and bailiff of that
town: In consideration of the premises, and for the
encouragement of his posterity, unto whom such blazon
of arms and atchievements of inheritance from their
said mother, by the ancient custom and laws of arms,
may lawfully descend; we the said Garter and *Claren-
cieux* have assigned, granted, and confirmed, and by
these presents exemplified unto the said *John Shakespere*,

and to his posterity, that shield and coat of arms, viz. In a field of gold upon a bend, *Sables*, a spear of the first, the point upward, headed *Argent*; and for his crest or cognisance, A falcon, *Or*, with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear armed headed, or steeled silver, fixed upon an helmet, with mantles and tassels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this margin; and we have likewise impaled the same with the ancient arms of the said *Arden* of *Wellington*; signifying thereby, that it may and shall be lawful for the said *John Shakespere*, Gent. to bear and use the same shield of arms, single or impaled, as aforesaid, during his natural life; and that it shall be lawful for his children, issue, and posterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, use, and quarter, and shew forth the same, with their due differences, in all lawful warlike feats and civil use or exercises, according to the laws of arms, and custom that to gentlemen belongeth, without lett or interruption of any person or persons, for use or bearing the same. In witness and testimony whereof we have subscribed our names, and fastned the seals of our offices. Given at the office of arms, *London*, the day of in the forty second year of the reign of our most gracious sovereign Lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, defender of the faith, &c. 1599.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,

Extracted from the Registry of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii anno regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Anglia, &c. decimo quarto & Scotiæ quadragesimo nono, Anno Domini 1616.

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shakespeare, of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, Gent. in perfect health and memory, God be praised, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following: That is to say;

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, One hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, One hundred pounds, in discharge of her marriage portion, within one year after my decease, with considerations after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my Will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcell, or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith, One hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years

xlii SHAKESPEARE's WILL.

next ensuing the day of the date of this my Will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease, according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my Will is, and I do give and bequeath One hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Harte and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my Will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my Will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at and after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, land answerable to the portion by this my Will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my Will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan, twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, — Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds a-piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall, all my plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my Will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid, ten pounds, to Mr Thomas Combe my sword,

to Thomas Ruffel, Esq; five pounds, and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, Gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlett Sadler twenty six shillings eight pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, Gent. twenty six shillings eight pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, Gent. twenty six shillings eight pence; and to Mr John Nash twenty six shillings eight pence; and to my fellows, John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, twenty six shillings eight pence a-piece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susannah Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my Will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances in Stratford aforesaid, called the *New Place*, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley Street within the burrow of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bushaxton, and Welcombe; or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and, after her decease, to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh

xlii SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown best bed, with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith, my broad silver gilt hole. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law John Hall, Gent. and my daughter Susanna his wife, who I ordain and make executors of this my last Will and Testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, Esq. and Francis Collins, Gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former Wills, and publish this to be my last Will and Testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written, by me

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

Fra. Collins,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinson,
Hamlett Sadler,
Robert Whatcott.

Probatum coram Magistro William Byrde Legum Doctore Commissario, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, anno Domini 1616. Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui, &c. de bene et jurat reservata potestate et Susanna Hall alt. ex. &c. cu. vendit, &c. petitur.

To the MEMORY of my Beloved the AUTHOR,
Mr WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and
what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy, Shakespeare! on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy *book* and *fame*:
While I confess thy *writings* to be such,
As neither *man* nor *mus*e can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy *praise*:
For feeblest *Ignorance* on these may light,
Which, when it sounds, at best but *echoes* right;
Or blind *Affection*, which doth ne'er advance
The *truth*, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty *Malice* might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous band, or whore,
Should praise a *matron*. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill *fortune* of them, or the *need*.
I therefore will begin, *soul* of the *age*!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our *stage*!
My Shakespeare! rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room;
Thou art a *monument* without a *tomb*,
And art alive still, while thy *book* doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd *mus*es:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy *peers*,
And tell how far thou didst out *Lily* out-shine,
Or sporting *Kid*, or *Marlow's* mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring *Æschylus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles* to us,
Pacuvius, *Accius*, him of *Cordona* dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a *stage*: or, when thy *socks* were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

xlvi To the MEMORY of the AUTHOR.

Triumph, my Briton, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all *scenes* of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the *muses* still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
 Nature herself was proud of his *designs*,
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his *lines*!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other *wit*.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted ly,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare! must enjoy a part.
 For tho' the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the *fashion*. And, that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are), and strike the second heat.
 Upon the *muses* anvil; turn the fames,
 (And himself with it), that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the lawrel, he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made, as well as born:
 And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned and true-filled lines:
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou *Starre* of poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or chear the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like
 night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN. JOHNSON.

Advertisement.

THE Text of this Edition of Shakespeare has been carefully compared with Mr Pope's, Mr Johnson's, Mr Theobald's, and other editions of the best authority, though Mr Johnson's was principally followed.—The notes subjoined are such as elucidate difficult passages, or present various readings of the corrupted text, “the part of criticism (as Mr Johnson observes) in which the whole succession of Editors has laboured with the greatest diligence.” They are chiefly selected from the following critics, Mr Pope, Dr Warburton, Dr Johnson, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Mr Theobald; from *The Canons of Criticism*, and from *The Revival of Shakespeare's Text*.—To the end of most plays are added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence, by Mr JOHNSON; “in which, (says that gentleman), I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined; and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned, there is much to be praised, and in those which are praised, much to be condemned.”

Advertisement

THE TOWN OF BOSTON, in the County of Suffolk, has
passed an Ordinance, to the effect following, to wit:
That all the persons who are or shall be engaged in
the sale of spirituous liquors, shall be liable to a
penalty of five dollars for each offence, and the
sums so collected shall be paid to the Town of Boston,
to be applied to the support of the public schools.
And the said Ordinance is hereby published for the
information of the public, that all persons who are
engaged in the sale of spirituous liquors, shall be
liable to the penalty therein provided, unless they
shall have taken the necessary steps to comply with
the provisions of the said Ordinance, to wit: by
obtaining a license from the Selectmen of the Town
of Boston, in accordance with the provisions of the
said Ordinance, and by paying the sum of five
dollars to the Town of Boston, to be applied to the
support of the public schools, as aforesaid.



T H E
T E M P E S T.



VOL. I.

A



Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.

ANTHONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.

FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.

GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor of Naples.

ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, } Lords.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.

Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO,
Nymphs,
Reapers. } Spirits.

Other spirits, attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *The sea, with a ship, afterwards an uninhabited island.*

Of this play, the first known edition is that of 1623, when it was published with the other works of *Shakespeare*, by *Hemings and Condell*, in folio. *Johnson*.

T H E
T E M P E S T*.

A C T I. *On a Ship at Sea.*

S C E N E I.

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Master.

BOATSWAIN,——

Boatsf. Here, Master: what cheer?

Mastr. Good, speak to the mariners.—Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle;—blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough †.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care: where's the master? play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

* These two first plays, the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer-night's dream*, are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination, peculiar to Shakespeare, which soars above the bounds of Nature without forsaking sense; or, more properly, carries Nature along with him beyond her established limits.—*Warburton.*

† Perhaps it might be read, *Blow till thou burst, wind, if room enough.* Johnson.

Ant. Where is the master, Boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence! what care these roarers for the name of King? to cabin; silence, trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace o' the present, we will not handle a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.]*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling!—

Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreson, insolent, noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd vench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[Exeunt.]

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince at prayers! let us
For our case is as theirs. *[assist 'em.]*

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chopt rascal——'Would thou might'st ly
The washing of ten tides! *[drowning,*

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gap at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children!

‡ Brother, farewell! we split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the King. *[Exit.]*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *[Exit.]*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of
sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown
furze, any thing. The wills above be done, but I
would fain die a dry death! *[Exit.]*

S C E N E II.

*Changes to a part of the Inchanted Island, near
the cell of Prospero.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch;
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd

‡ As Gonzalo had no brother in the ship, this line
should, I think, be given to Alonzo the King, taking
leave of his brother Sebastian, to which the next lines
make the natural answer.——*Johnson.*

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
 Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!
 Had I been any God of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth; or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
 No more amazement; tell your piteous heart
 There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo the day!

Pro. No harm.
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
 Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
 And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
 I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magic garment from me; so!

[Lays down his mantle.

Ly there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have
 comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely order'd, that there is no soul †,
 No, not so much perdition as an hair,
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: fit
 For thou must now know further. [down;

Mira. You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
 And left me to a bootless inquisition;
 Concluding, Stay, not yet.——

† ——The author probably wrote *no soil*, no stain, no
 spot.——*Johnson.*

Pro. The hour's now come:

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came into this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance,
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: but how is it
That this lives in thy mind? what see'st thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyss of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, Miranda.—Twelve
years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir †
And Princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you,
further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*—

† Perhaps—and thou his only heir. Johnson.

I pray thee, mark me ;—that a brother should
 Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
 Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
 The manage of my state; (as, at that time,
 Through all the signories it was the first;
 And Prospero the prime Duke, being so reputed
 In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
 Without a parallel; those being all my study :)
 The government I cast upon my brother,
 And to my state grew stranger; being transported,
 And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle——
 Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them; whom t' advance, and whom
 To trash for over-topping; new-created
 The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or else new-form'd 'em; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
 To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
 The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st

Mira. O good Sir, I do. [not.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
 With that which, but by being so retir'd,
 O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in its contrary as great
 As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
 A confidence *sans* bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact; like one,
 Who having, unto truth, by telling of it ‡,

‡ —I read and point these lines thus,

like one

*Who having, UNTO truth, by telling OFT,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie.*

i. e. by often repeating the same story, made his me-

Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie; he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, from substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he
play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) wi' th' King of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event, then tell
If this might be a brother? [me,

Mira. I should so.

To think but nobly of my grandmother;
Good wombs have bore bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition:

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,
Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Milan; and i' th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

mory such a sinner unto truth, as to give credit to his
own lie. A miserable delusion, to which story-tellers
are frequently subject.——Warburton.

I, not remembring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
So dear the love my people bore me, set [not,
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steeded much. So of his gentle-
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me [ness,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might,
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:——

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-forrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'ns thank-you for't! And now, I pray
you, Sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and, by my prescience
I find, my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way.—[*Aside.*] I know, thou canst
not chuse—— [Miranda sleeps.
Come away, servant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my Ariel, come.

S C E N E III.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly;
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly;

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And fight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad †, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son Ferdinand
With hair upstaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd, cry'd, "Hell is empty;
" And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship

The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour

Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes*, there she's hid:

† In all the later editions this is changed to *a fever of the mind*, without reason or authority; nor is any notice given of an alteration. *Johnson.*

* This is the Spanish pronunciation of Bermudas: the account of which island in Purchas's pilgrimage is, that it was called *the island of devils*, and the enchanted

The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I've left asleep; and for the rest o' th' fleet,
(Which I dispers'd), they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work;
What is the time o' th' day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and
Must by us both be spent most precious. [now

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst pro-
To bate me a full year. [mise

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
Of the salt deep; [ooze
To run upon the sharp wind of the North;
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

island; these names being given it from the monstrous
tempests which there have been often sustained. And
again speaking of the whole cluster of islands with which
the great one is surrounded, he saith, *The islands seem
rent with tempests of thunder, lightning, and rain, which
threaten in time to devour them all.*

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak;

Ari. Sir, in Argier. [tell me.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by th' sailors; thou my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant.
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born, not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee:

Ari. That's my noble master:

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' th' sea.
Be subject to no sight but mine, invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake——

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on——

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
Come, thou tortoise! when?—— [thee.

Enter Ariel like a water nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; and
would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits; barren place, and
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms [fertile.
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own King; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd
thee

(Filt' as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—I wou'd it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,

Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing, or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison——

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-feed, hence!

Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wer't best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.

I must obey; his art is of such pow'r, [*Aside.*
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

S C E N E V.

*Enter Ferdinand, at the remotest part of the stage;
and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.*

A R I E L ' S S O N G .

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kist,
The wild waves whist;
Foot it fearily here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.*

[*Burden, dispersedly.*

*Hark, hark, baugh-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Baugh-waugh.*

*Ari. Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlers
Cry, Cock a-doodle-do.*

*Fer. Where should this music be, i'th' air, or
earth?—*

It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god o'th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

A R I E L ' S S O N G .

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him, that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.
[Burden, ding-dong.*

*Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.*

*Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.*

*Mira. What is't, a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.*

*Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath
such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him*

*A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.*

Mira. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free
Within two days for this. [thee

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreckt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his Lords: the Duke of
And his brave son, being twain †. [Milan,

Pro. —The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight,
[*Aside to Ariel.*

They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.—A word, good Sir,
I fear, you've done yourself some wrong: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so urgently? this
Is the third man, that I e'er saw; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

† This is a slight forgetfulness. Nobody was left in
the wreck, yet we find no such character as the son of
the Duke of Milan. *Theobald.*

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more.——
They're both in either's power: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.——Sir, one word more; I
charge thee,

That thou attend me:——thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
If the ill spirit have so fair an house, [*temple.*
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me——
[*To Mira.*] Speak not you for him: he's a traitor.
——Come,

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more

Sc. 5. The T E M P E S T. 21

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? hush!

Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban; foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey; [*To Ferdinand.*]
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid; all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works: come on.
[*To Ariel,*] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! fol-
low me, what thou else shalt do me. [*low me.*]

Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. [*To Ferdinand.*] Come follow.
[*To Mira.*] Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gonzalo.

BEseech you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy! for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace *.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit,
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One: — Tell, —

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd;
comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have
spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue!

* All this that follows after the words, *Pr'ythee, peace.*
—— to the words, *You cram these words, &c.* seems to
have been interpolated, (perhaps by the players;) the
verses there beginning again; and all that is between in
prose, not only being very impertinent stuff, but most
improper and ill-placed drollery, in the mouths of un-
happy shipwrecked people. There is more of the same
sort interspersed in the remaining part of the scene. *Pope.*

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.—

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha,—So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible—

Seb. Yet—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not mis't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: He does but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses: being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow, a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, Sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. I—

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido!

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! For, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too;

Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd other-
By all of us; and the fair soul herself [wise
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have [son,
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' th' loss.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,
The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my Lord—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No fov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man, all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee no more; thou dost talk nothing
to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did
it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are
of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always
use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing
to you: so you may continue, and laugh at
nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you

would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn musio.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly; will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes Would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my Lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy——
[*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian——O, what might——no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination fees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving;

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep; die rather: wink'st,
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it; how in stripping it,
You more invest it: ebbing men indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, lay on;
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:

Although this Lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd; hath here almost persuaded,
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only*
Professes to persuade the King, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even

* Of this entangled sentence I can draw no sense
from the present reading, and therefore imagine that
the author gave it thus:

For he, a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade. — Johnson.

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' th' moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We were sea-swallow'd: tho' some, cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof, what's past is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my discharge——

Seb. What stuff is this? how say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis,
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis †,
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; Lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep was this
For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

† There is in this passage a propriety lost which a
slight alteration will restore.

—— Sleep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake. Johnson.

Ant. True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience——

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that?

If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
But I feel not this diety in my bosom.
Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and Milan,
Candy'd be they, and melt, ere they molest!
Here lyes your brother——

No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient morsel †, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business, that,
We say, befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word——

Enter Ariel, with music and song.

Ari. My master thro' his art foresees the danger
That you, his friends, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

*While you here do snoring ly,
Open-ey'd conspiracy*

† For ancient morsel, Dr Warbuston, very elegantly and
judiciously, reads ancient moral.

*His time doth take;
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber and beware:
Awake! awake!*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the King!

[They wake.]

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you
Wherefore this ghastly looking? *[drawn?]*

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this? *[To Gonzalo.]*

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further
For my poor son. *[search]*

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my Lord shall know what I have
done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

Changes to another part of the island.

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noise of
thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him

By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
 Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i' th' mire,
 Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
 For every trifle are they set upon me.
 Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
 And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
 Ly tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a sp'rit of his, and to torment me
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
 Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither brush nor shrub to bear off
 any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
 hear it sing i' th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond
 huge one, looks like a foul bumbar that would
 shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before,
 I know not where to hide my head: yond same
 cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls——What
 have we here, a man or a fish; dead or alive? a
 fish; he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-
 like smell. A kind of, not of the newest, *Poor John*:
 a strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I
 was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-
 fool there but would give a piece of silver. There
 would this monster make a man; any strange beast
 there makes a man; when they will not give a
 doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out
 ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and
 his fins like arms! warm, o' my troth! I do now
 let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no
 fish, but an islander that hath lately suffer'd by a
 thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My
 best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is
 no other shelter hereabout; misery acquaints a man
 with strange bed-fellows: I will here shrowd, 'till
 the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. *[Drinks.]*

*Sings. The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,
But none of his car'd for Kate;*

*For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.*

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.
This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. *[Drinks.]*

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with savages, and men of Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning to be afraid now 'of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man, as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt;
Thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth;
here is that which will give language to you, Cat;
open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I
can tell you, and that foundly: you cannot tell
who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be——
but he is drown'd; and these are devils: O! de-
fend me——

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate
monster! his forward voice now is to speak well
of his friend; his backward voice is to spatter foul
speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my
bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come:
Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,——

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mer-
cy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave
him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! if thou beest Stephano, touch
me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; be not
afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth, I'll pull
thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs,
these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed:
how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?
can he vent Trinculo's?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-
stroke: but art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope
now, thou art not drown'd: is the storm over-
blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's ga-
berdine, for fear of the storm: and art thou living,
Stephano? O Stephane, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach
is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not
sprights:

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou hi-

ther? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Sworn a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: I afraid of him? a very shallow monster: the man i' th' moon?—a most poor credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' th' isle, And I will kiss thy foot: I prythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him——

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. — But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prythee now, lead the way without any
more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company
being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here,
bear my bottle; fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by
and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell,
well, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Ferdinand.

Here be some sports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
 As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
 The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours pleasure: O, she is
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
 And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such
 Had ne'er like executer; I forget; [baseness
 But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
 Most busy-les, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
 Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile:
 Pray, set it down, and rest you; when this burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
 Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
 He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
 The sun will set before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
 I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
 I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
 I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
 As well as it does you; and I should do it
 With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
 And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
 This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
 (Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
 What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration: worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I'm skilless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a King;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Sc. 2. The T E M P E S T.

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Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heav'ns rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't. And now
'Till half an hour hence. [farewel,

Fer. A thousand, thousand. [Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Changes to another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me—When the butt is out, we will
drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up,
and board 'em—Servant-monster; drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island!
They say, there's but five upon this isle; we are
three of them, if the other two be brain'd like us,
the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee. Thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable; why, thou debosh'd fistr thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Sie. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

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Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more—[*To Cal.*] proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dares not.)——

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compast? canst thou
bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this*! thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take this bottle from him; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: in-
terrupt the monster one word further, and, by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a
stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go
further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd.

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take you that. [*Beats him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o'your wits,
and hearing too? A pox of your bottle! this can sack
and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and
the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee stand
further off.

* This line should certainly be given to Stephano.
Pied ninny alludes to the stripped coat worn by fools, of
which Caliban could have no knowledge. *Johnson.*

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I'th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not One spirit to command. They all do hate him, As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them) Which when he has an house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she: But she as far surpasses Sycorax, As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, Lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen, save our graces: and Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-roys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I'm full of pleasure; Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout
em; thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments [not. Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices; That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming, The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches Ready to drop upon me; then when I wak'd, I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I wou'd I could see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir, My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forthrights and meanders! by your pa- I needs must rest me. [tience,

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.

Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
 No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
 Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
 Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian.*] I am right glad that he's
 so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
 That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. The next advantage
 Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
 For now they are oppress'd with travel, they
 Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
 As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on the top,
 invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing
 in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle ac-
 tions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c.
 to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,

Gon. Marvellous sweet music! [hark!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what were
 these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
 That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
 There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
 At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:

And what does else want credit, come to me,
 And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
 Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?
 If I should say, I saw such islanders:

(For, certes, these are people of the island)
 Who, tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
 Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many; nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise, in departing.——

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have sto-
Will't please you taste of what is here? [machs.

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men, [em
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
Each putter* out on five for one will bring us [find,
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my Lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

S C E N E IV.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy,
claps his wings upon the table, seems to seize upon
the dishes, and with a quaint device the banquet
vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't), the never-furfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit, you mong'st men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

* This passage alluding to a forgotten custom is very
obscure; the putter out must be a traveller, else how could
he give this account? the five for one is money to be re-
ceived by him at his return. Mr Theobald has well
illustrated this passage by a quotation from Johnson.

And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alonso, Sebastian, and the rest draw their swords.*]

Ye fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero:
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whole wrath to guard you from,
Which here in this most desolate isle else falls
Upon your heads, is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder; then to soft music, Enter
the shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,
and carrying out the table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated
In what thou hadst to say; so with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms
And these mine enemies are all knit up [work,
In their distractions: they are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and my lov'd darling.

[*Exit Prospero from above.*]

Gon. I' th' name of something holy, Sir, why
In this strange stare? [stand you

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper*: it did baid my trespass.
Therefore, my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet founded,
And with him there ly mudded. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time.
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
Like poison giv'n to work a great time after, [guilt,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecstasie
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Prospero.

IF I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a third of mine own life;
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all my vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter : but
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,
 No sweet aspersions shall the heav'n's let fall
 To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,
 Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
 That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now ; the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are founde'r'd,
 Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.

What, Ariel ; my industrious servant, Ariel——

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master ? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
 In such another trick ; go, bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place :
 Incite them to quick motion, for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art ; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go,
 And breathe twice ; and cry, So, so ;
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master ? no ?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel ; do not approach,
 Till thou dost hear me call.

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Ani. Well, I conceive. [Exit.]

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' th' blood: 'be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow! ———

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perty —
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [To Ferdinand.]
[Soft music.]

S C E N E III.

A MASQUE. *Enter Iris.*

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied and tulip'd brims,
Which spungy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves,
Being la's-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; the Queen o' th' sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her Sov'reign Grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter:
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,

V O L. I. E

Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen: since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with spar-
And be a boy right out. [rows,

Cer. High Queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

[Juno descends, and enters.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you:

Cer. Earth's increase, and fayson-plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burden bowing,
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly : may I be bold
To think these spirits ?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet ; now silence :
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons, Juno does command :
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;
Make holy-day ; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter certain reapers, properly habited ; they join
with the nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the
end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks ;
after which, to a strange, hollow and confused
noise, they vanish heavily.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life ; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the spirits.*] Well done—
avoid—no more.

Fer. This is most strange ; your father's in some passion

That works him strongly.

Mira. Never 'till this day

Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd ; be chearful, Sir :
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind ! we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vext ;
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled ;
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity ;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*]

Pro. Come with a thought ; — I thank you : —
Ariel, come.

*Prospero comes forward from the cell ; enter Ariel
to him.*

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to ; what's thy plea-

Pro. Spirit, [sure?

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander ; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets ?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drink —
So full of valour, that they smote the air [ing ;
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending

Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd-briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still;
The trumpety in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero remains invisible.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Ariel loaden with glistening apparel, &c.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a harm-
less Fairy, has done little better than plaid the Jack
with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which
my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I
should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wer't but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore speak
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

[*softly*;

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool.—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is your harmless Fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet : see'st thou here, This is the mouth o' th' cell ; no noise, and enter : Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever ; and I, thy Caliban, For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand : I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano ! O peer ! O worthy Ste- Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee ! [phano !

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, monster ; we know what belongs to a frippery ;—O, King Stephano !

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo ; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The droply drown this fool ! what do you To doat thus on such luggage ? let's along, [mean, And do the murder first : if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches ; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do ; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country : steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't ; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers ; help to bear

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this away, where my hogshhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, haunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo driven out roaring.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, Tyrant, there; hark, hark.——

[*To Ariel.*] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make Than pard, or cat o' mountain. [them,

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Ly at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little,

Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Cell.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Prospero.

NOW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my Lord,
You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest: say, my spirit,
How fares the King and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;

Just as you left them, all prisoners, Sir,
 In the Lime-grove which weather-fends your cell.
 They cannot budge, 'till you release. The King,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,
 Him that you term'd the good old Lord Gonzalo,
 His tears run down his beard like winter drops
 From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works
 That if you now beheld them, your affections [*em*,
 Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
 Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
 Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part; the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further; go, release them, Ariel;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing-lakes and
 groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune; and do fly him,
 When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
 By moon-shine do the green sours ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 (Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault

Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly music, which ev'n now I do,
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for; I'll break my staff;
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth;
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.

S C E N E III.

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero-observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopt.—
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to th' shew of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness; so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O my good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
 blood,
 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,

Expell'd remorse and nature; who with Sebastian,
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
 Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
 Unnat'ral though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 That now lyes foul and muddy. Not one of them,
 That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
 I will discase me, and myself present,

[Exit Ariel, and returns immediately.]

As I was sometime, Milan.—Quickly, spirit;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie:
 There I couch, when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;
 But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.—
 To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
 Being awake, enforce them to this place;
 And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or e'er your pulse twice beat. *[Exit.]*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
 ment

Inhabits here; some heav'nly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
 The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
 For more assurance that a living Prince
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
 And to thee and thy company I bid
 A hearty welcome.

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Alon. Be'st thou he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

[*Aside.*

Pro. No:—

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,

For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest myself content,

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heav'ns! that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these Lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prosp'ro, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in;
My dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

S C E N E I V.

Opens to the entrance of the cell.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms. You should
And I would call it fair play. [wrangle,

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings [Ferd. kneels.
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice: nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thurst from Milan, that his issue
Should become Kings of Naples! O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
In gold on lasting pillars; in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When * no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart;
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

S C E N E V.

*Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricky spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boatsf. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead a-sleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where, but ev'n now, with strange and sev'ral noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

* For *when*, should perhaps be read *where*.

We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free: [*To Ariel.*
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune;
Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid,
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my Lord Anthonio!
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my Lords,

Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a bastard one) hath plotted with them
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should
Find this grand liquor* that hath gilded 'em? [they
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my
bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a

Pro. You'd be King o' th' island, sirrah? [cramp.

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

* Shakespeare, to be sure, wrote—*grand' LI X I R*, alluding to the *grand Elixir* of the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth, and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold, they called *aurum potabile*; which Shakespeare alluded to in the word *gilded*. Warburton.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to Naples;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge: then, to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine own ;
Which is most faint ; and now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell :
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits t'enforce, art to enchant :
And my ending is despair *,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free !

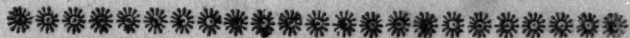
* This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of Necromancers in their last moments ; and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them. Warburton.



A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

D R E A M.



Dramatis Personæ.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, an Athenian Lord.

LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.

PHILOSTRATE, master of the sports to the Duke.

QUINCE, the carpenter.

SNUG, the joiner.

BOTTOM, the weaver.

FLUTE, the bellows-mender.

SNOWT, the tinker.

STARVELING, the tailor.

HIPPOLITA, Princess of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

Attendants.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.

TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.

PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, a Fairy.

PEASERLOSSOM,

COBWEB,

MOTH,

MUSTARD-SEED,

} Fairies.

PYRAMUS,

THISBE,

WALL,

MOONSHINE,

LYON,

} Characters in the interlude performed by the clowns.

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens; and a wood not far from it.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

D R E A M.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace in Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with attendants.

Theseus.

NOW, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon weans! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
night;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a silver bow,
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up th' Athenian youth to merriments:
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Phi.*

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword;
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius. — My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander. — And, my gracious Duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast giv'n her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n th' impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious Duke,
Be't so, she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius;
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god,
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is.

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:
I know not, by what pow'r I am made bold;

Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But, I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires:
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon?
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy * is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his Lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and by the next new
The sealing day betwixt my love and me, [moon,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.

* Thus all the copies; yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word,
and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of speech
so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have pro-
posed *earlier happy*. Johnson.

And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lyf. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well posselt: my love is more than his:
My fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius's:
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena;
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought t' have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look, you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—

—Come, my Hyppolita; what cheer, my love?—

—Demetrius, and Egeus, go along;

I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptials, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Lyfander and Hermia.

Lyf. How now, my love? why is your cheek so
How chance the roses there do fade so fast? [pale?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lyf. Ah me, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood—

Her. O crofs!—too high to be enthrall'd to low!—

Lyf. Or elfe mifgraffed, in refpect of years——

Her. O fpight, too old to be engag'd to young!

Lyf. Or elfe it flood upon the choice of friends—

Her. O hell! to chufe love by another's eye!

Lyf. Or if there were a fympathy in choice,

War, death, or ficknefs did lay fieve to it;

Making it momentary as a found,

Swift as a fhadow, fhort as any dream,

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,

That (in a fpleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth,

And ere a man hath power to fay, *Behold!*

The jaws of darknefs do devour it up;

So quick bright things come to confufion.——

Her. If then true lovers have been ever croft,

It ftands as an edict in deftiny:

Then, let us teach our trial patience;

Beaufe it is a customary crofs,

As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and fighs,

Wifhes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Lyf. A good perfuafion—therefore hear me, *Her-*
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager [mia.

Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child;

And ſhe refpects me as her only fon:

From Athens is her houfe remov'd ſeven leagues:

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;

And to that place the ſharp Athenian law

Cannot purfue us. If thou lov'ſt me then,

Steal forth thy father's houfe to morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,

Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*

To do obfervance to the morn of May,

There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyfander*,

I ſwear to thee, by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow,

By his beſt arrow with the golden head,

By the ſimplicity of *Venus'* doves,

By that, which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;

And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage Queen*,

When the falſe *Trojan* under fail was ſeen;

By all the vows that ever men have broke,

In number more than ever women ſpoke;

In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
Helena.

S C E N E III.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed, fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay;
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O! were favour so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being 'bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my pray'rs could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault
were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell?

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass;

(A time, that lovers flights doth still conceal)
Through Athens' gate have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to ly,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels sweet;
There, my Lyfander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lyfander—we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Hermia.*]

Lyf. I will, my Hermia—Helena, adieu;
As you on him, Demetrius doat on you! [*Exit Lyf.*]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so:
He will not know, what all, but he, do know.
And as he errs, doating on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to a cottage.**Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.**Quin.* Is all our company here?*Bot.* You were best to call them generally man by man, according to the scrip.*Quin.* Here is the scrawl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Duchess, on his wedding-day at night.*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.*Quin.* Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrawl. Masters, spread yourselves.*Quin.* Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.*Bot.* Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.*Bot.* What is Pyramus, a lover, or a tyrant?*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest;—yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in: to make all split—

“The raging rocks,

“And shivering shocks

“Shall break the locks

“Of prison gates:

“And Phibbus' carr

“Shall shine from far,

“And make and mar

“The foolish fates.”

This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is Eracles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby, a wand'ring knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a masque; and you may speak as small as you will *.

Bor. An' I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, Thisbe, Thisbe; ah, Pyramus, my lover dear, thy Thisby dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and Flute, you, Thisby.

Bor. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother †.

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

* This passage shews how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use, that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene; and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downes's Memoirs of the Playhouse, that one of these counterfeit heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. *Johnson.*

† There seems a double forgetfulness of our Poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thisby, and the father of Pyramus, are

Snow. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug the joiner, you the lion's part: I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's-day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-ingrain beard, or your French crown-colour'd beard; your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-mor-

here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here.

Theobald.

row night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings *.—

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow,) at another.

Puck.

HOW now, spirit, whither wander you?

Fat. Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,

* This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word that their *bowstrings* were broke, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*hold or cut bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow-string held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *frets*. As when we say, the *string frets*—the *silk frets*, for the passive, it is *cut* or *fretted*. Warburton.

80 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S ACT II.

Those be rubies, Fairy favours:
 In those freckles live their favours:
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone,
 Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-night;
 Take heed, the Queen come not within his sight.
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian King:
 She never had so sweet a changeling;
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
 But she per-force with-holds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen;
 But they do square, that all their elves for fear
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he
 That fright the maidens of the villagere,
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern *,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife chern:
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
 Mis-lead night-wand'ers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
 Are not you he?

Puck. I am—thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

* I would regulate the lines thus:

*And sometimes make the breathless housewife chern,
 Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern.*

Or, by a simple transposition of the lines,

*And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern.* Johnson.

Neighing in likeness of a silly foal;
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And *taylor* cries, and falls into a cough:
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.
 But make room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress.—Would, that we were
 gone!

S C E N E II.

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one door with his
 train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence,
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy lady; but I know,
 When thou hast stol'n away from fairy-land,
 And in the shape of Corin sate all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
 To am'rous Phillida. Why art thou here,
 Come from the further steep of India?
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
 Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolita;
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 Didst thou not lead him thro' the glimmering night*,

* We should read,
 Didst thou not lead him glimmering, through the night.
 Warburton.

From Periguné, whom he ravished;
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never since that middle summer's spring
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have over-born their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which;
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?

I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order,
And, in the spiced Indian air by night,
Full often she hath gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her womb then rich with my young
squire)

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Queen. Perchance, 'till after Theseus' wedding-
If you will patiently dance in our round, [day.
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this
'Till I torment thee for this injury.—— [grove,
My gentle Puck, come hither; thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid †, on a dolphin's back,

† The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the Mermaid is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the Vestal. By the Vestal every one knows is meant Queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable then to think that the Mermaid stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary Queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satyrists. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a *Mermaid*, 1st, To denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea; and, 2d, Her beauty and intemperate lust,

— *Ut turpiter atrum*

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

For as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *Vestal*, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *Mermaid*. 3d, An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, *Epistle 41*. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are Mermaids) contended for precedency with the muses, who overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

— *on a dolphin's back.*] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the Dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath.] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the L'ouvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song.] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland, encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the Mermaid always sings in storms.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all-arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little western flower,

*And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.]*

Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres*: by which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being, that the Mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakespeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*.

*O train me not, sweet Mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.*

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *Fairy-land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakespeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these antient regions of poetry, by that power of verse, which we may well fancy to be like what,

—Olim Fauni Vatesque cauebant.

Warburton.

86 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S A& II.

Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it Love in idleness.
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I shew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [Exit.]

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing which she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

S C E N E III.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay; the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I shall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more:
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,

The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
And yet a place of high respect with me,
Than to be used, as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege. For that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look upon me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fy, Demetrius,
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell;
To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
Hast thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies:
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love;
And look you meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my Lord, your servant shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song:
Then, 'fore the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep:
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES SING.

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;
 Come not near our Fairy Queen.
 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby;
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So good night with lullaby.*

Second Fairy.

*Weaving spiders come not here;
 Hence, you long-leg'd spinners, hence:
 Beetles black approach not near,
 Worm nor snail do no offence.
 Philomel with melody, &c.*

First Fairy.

*Hence, away; now all is well:
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.*

[Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.]

Enter Oberon.

*Ob. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
 Do it for thy true love take;
 Love and languish for his sake:
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear,
 When thou wak'st it is thy dear;
 Wake, when some vile thing is near.*

[Exit Oberon.]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

*Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
 And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way: [wood;*

We'll rest us, Hermia, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be't so, Lysander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Ly further off yet, do not ly so near.

Lys. O take the sense, sweet, of my conference;
Love takes the meaning, in love's innocence;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms, and a single troth:
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander ly'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and curtesie
Ly further off, in human modesty.
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be prest!
[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love:
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear;
This is he my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid:
And here the maiden sleeping found
On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty foul! she durst not ly
 Near this lack-love kill-curtessie.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid;
 So awake, when I am gone:
 For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet Demetrius!

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase;

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lyes;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? not with salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers:

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear.

Therefore no marvel, tho' Demetrius

Do, (as a monster), fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

But who is here? Lysander on the ground:

Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:

Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

Lys. And run thro' fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.

Transparent Helen, nature here shews art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander, say not so;

What tho' he love your Hermia, Lord, what tho'?

Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

Lyf. Content with Hermia? no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent: }
Not Hermia, but Helen now I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says, you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reason;

And, touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo:

But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,

I thought you Lord of more true gentleness:

Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,

Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

Lyf. She sees not Hermia; Hermia, sleep thou
And never may'st thou come Lyfander near. [there;

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive:

So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,

Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And all my pow'rs address your love and might

To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.

Her. Help me, Lyfander, help me! do thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast:

Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here?

Lyfander, look how I do quake with fear;

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

Lyfander! what, remov'd? Lyfander, Lord!

What, out of hearing gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear,
 Speak of all loves; I swoon almost, with fear.
 No?—then I well perceive, you are not nigh;
 Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Bottom.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hathorn-brake our trying house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince——

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r laken, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well: write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and for more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in, God shield us, a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours: if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber, for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story) did talk thro' the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaister, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: or let him

hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here,
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus; Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flower of odious favours sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours, favours sweet.

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear;
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit;
And, by and by, I will to thee appear.

[Exit Pyramus.]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!
[Aside.]

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisk Juvenile, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man; why, you must not speak that yet: that you answer to Pyramus; you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Bottom, with an ass-head.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

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Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted;
pray, masters; fly, masters; help!

[*The Clowns exeunt.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.
Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier;

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery
of them to make me afraid.

Enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; what do I
see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of
your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee; thou art
translated.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass
of me, to fright me if thy could; but I will not stir
from this place, do what they can; I will walk up
and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear
I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*]

The oufel cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The thrush with his note so true,

The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry
bed?

[*Waking.*]

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, [*Sings.*]

The plain-song cuckow gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay.

For, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry
cuckow never so?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
 And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
 On the first view to say, to swear I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
 Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit of no common rate;
 The summer still doth tend upon my state,
 And I do love thee: therefore, go with me,
 I'll give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
 Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

S C E N E III.

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I. Where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
 Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes;
 Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
 With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,
 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise:
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

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To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 Fair. Hail, mortal, hail!

2 Fair. Hail!—

3 Fair. Hail!—

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily; I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good master Cobweb; if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman.

Pease. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to mistress Squash your mother, and to master Peascod your father. Good master Peaseblossom, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, Sir.

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good master Mustardseed, I know your parentage well: that same cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire more of your acquaintance, good master Mustardseed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when she weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity!

Tie up my love's tongue; bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter King of Fairies.

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger! how now, mad sprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
 Near to her close and consecrated bower,
 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
 A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
 Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
 The shallow'st thick-skin of that barren sort,
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's nowl I fix'd on his head;
 Anon, his Thisby must be answered,
 And forth my minnock comes: when they him spy,
 As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
 So at his sight, away his fellows fly;
 And, at our stamp *, here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus
 strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,
 Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things
 I led them on in this distracted fear, [catch.
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
 Titania wak'd, and straitway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
 But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too;
 And the Athenian woman by his side,
 That when he wakes, of force she must be ey'd.

* This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their own companions. I read,

And, at a stump, here o'er and o'er one falls. Johnson.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia.**Ob.* Stand close, this is the same Athenian.*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.*Dem.* O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast giv'n me cause to curse:
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
'This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.*Dem.* So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you the murderer look as bright and clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimm'ring sphere.*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?*Dem.* I'd rather give his carcass to my hounds.*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
boundsOf maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men.
O! once tell true, tell true even for my sake,
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake!
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do so much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefor?

Her. A privilege never to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein;

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,

For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lyes down.*

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid thy love-juice on some true love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens, see thou find.

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer;

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear;

By some illusion, see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes, against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy-band,

Helena is here at hand,

And the youth mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee.

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one:
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please me,
That befall prepost'rously.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

Lyf. Why should you think that I should woo in
scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears:
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more;

When truth kills truth, O devilish, holy, fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales, [weigh:
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lyf. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lyf. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, per-
fect, divine,

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy; O how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.

Hel. O spight, O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you are men, as men you are in show,
 You would not use a gentle lady so:
 To vow and swear, and super-praise my parts;
 When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
 And now both rivals to mock Helena.
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
 With your derision! none of nobler sort
 Would so offend a virgin, and extort
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know.
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia, I will none;
 If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
 My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,
 There ever to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Left to thy peril thou abide it dear.
 Look where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes: [takes,
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompence.
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly did'st thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
 to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him 'bide,

Fair Helena; who more ingilds the night,
Than all yon fiery o's *, and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy;
Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight to me.
Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorp'rate, So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)

* I would willingly believe that the poet wrote *fiery*
erbs. Johnson.

To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyfander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But fare ye well; 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do; [prayers.
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come—

Her. Lyfander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiopie!

Dem. No, no, he'll seem

To break away; take on as he would follow,
But yet come not:—you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing,
let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
Sweet love! [is this?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out;
Out, loathed med'cine: hated poison, hence.

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth, and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with you.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive,
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
*Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. [dead?

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.

Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you
left me;

Why then you left me——(O the gods forbid it!)

In earnest, shall I say:

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest;

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me, you jugler; oh, you canker-blossom,

You thief of love; what, have you come by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? what, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fy, fy, you counterfeit; you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet! why, so: ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem,

Bècause I am so dwarfish and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak,

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;

I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.—

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth into this wood:
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low, and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone, speak not of Helena,
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;

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Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine, or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt* Lyfander and Demetrius.

Her. You, mistress, all this coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;

My legs are longer, though, to run away.

[*Exeunt*, *Hermia pursuing* Helena.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is, thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprize,

That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;

And so far am I glad it did so fort,

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight;

Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fogs, as black as Acheron;

And lead these testy rivals so astray,

As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lyfander, sometime frame thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;

And sometime rail thou, like Demetrius;

And from each other, look, thou lead them thus;

'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;

Then crush this herb into Lyfander's eye,

Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,

To take from thence all error with its might;

And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision

Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;

And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
 With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my Queen, and beg her Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste,
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
 At whose approach ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
 Troop home to church-yards; damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon;
 They wilfully exile themselves from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort;
 I with the morning light have oft made sport;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Ev'n till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay;
 We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Ob.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down.
 I am fear'd in field and town.
 Goblin, lead them up and down.
 Here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
 thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art

Lyf. I will be with thee straight. [*thou?*]

Puck. Follow me then

To plainer ground. [*Lyf. goes out, as following Dem.*]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyfander, speak again;
 Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
 Speak in some bush: where dost thou hide thy head?

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Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant; come, thou
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd, [child,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Lyfander comes back.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day:

[*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why comest thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy
If ever I thy face by day-light see. [this dear,
Now, go thy way; faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lyes down.*

S C E N E IX.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the East:
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From these, that my poor company detest;
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires:
Here will I rest me, 'till the break of day.
Heav'n's shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lyes down.]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep found;
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.]

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.

Jack shall have Jill,
Naught shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.

[Exit Puck. They sleep.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continued, The Wood.

*Enter Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies
attending, and the King behind them.*

Queen.

Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,

And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth'd head;
And kifs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt Mumble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I should be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, Signior. Where's monsieur Mustardseed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neife, monsieur Mustardseed; pray you, leave your curtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvelous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural music, tongs, &c.

Queen. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms; Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away:

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin; feest thou this sweet
Her dotage now I do begin to pity; [sight?
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which strait she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eye:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of the Athenian swain:
That he, awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first, I will release the Fairy Queen:

*Be as thou wast wont to be;
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flow'r
Hath such force and blessed power.*

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet Queen.

Queen. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lyes your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass?
Oh, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

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Ob. Silence, a while—Robin, take off his head;
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Queen. Music, ho! music: such as charmeth sleep.

Still music.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's
eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, music; come, my Queen, take hand
with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity;

There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my Queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade;

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my Lord, and in our flight

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found, [*Sleepers ly still.*

With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Wind horns within.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester;

For now our observation is perform'd,

And since we have the vaward of the day,

My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

Uncouple in the western valley, go,—

Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,

And mark the musical confusion

Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once;

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so fanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd too, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear. But soft, what nymphs
are these?

Ege. My Lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this Lyfander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena;
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my Lord.

The. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their
horns.

*Horns, and shout within; Demetrius, Lyfander,
Hermia and Helena, wake and start up.*

The. Good morrow, friends; Saint Valentine is
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? [past;

Lyf. Pardon, my Lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up:
I know, you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lyf. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:

But as I think, for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is;
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of th' Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough; my Lord you have enough:
I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have stol'n away, they would, Deme-
Thereby to have defeated you and me; [trius,
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
But by some power it is, my love to Hermia
Is melted as the snow; seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed ere I Hermia saw;
But like a sickness did I loath this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it;
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit;
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolita. [*Ex. Duke, Hip. and train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistin-
guishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye;

When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks ;

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,

That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake ; let's follow him ;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

As they go out, Bottom wakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, Most fair Pyramus——hey, ho,——Peter Quince, Flute the bellows-mender ! Snout the tinker ! Starveling ! god's my life ! stol'n hence, and left me asleep ? I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was ; man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had——But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen ; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream ; it shall be call'd *Bottom's dream*, because it hath no bottom ; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the Duke ; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after death. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the Town.**Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.**Quin.* Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?*Star.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.*Flu.* If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?*Quin.* It is not possible; you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.*Flu.* No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraftman in Athens.*Quin.* Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.*Flu.* You must say, paragon; a paramour is (God bless us!) a thing of nought.*Enter Snug.**Snug.* Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom! thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have reaped sixpence a-day; and the Duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd: he would have deserv'd it. Sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.*Enter Bottom.**Bot.* Where are these lads? where are these hearts?*Quin.* Bottom!——O most courageous day! O most happy hour!*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.*Bot.* Not a word of me; all I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel toge-

ther, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part ; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen ; and let not him that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws ; and, most dear actors ! eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt to hear them say, It is a most sweet comedy. No more words ; away ; go away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

Hippolita.

'TIS strange, my Theseus, what these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antic fables, nor these fairy toys ;
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
The madman : while the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
And, as imagination bodies forth [*heav'n* ;
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if he would but apprehend some joy,
He comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
Or in the night imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy;
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
 Joy, gentle friends; joy and fresh days of love
 Accompany your hearts.

Lyf. More than to us,
 Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

The. Come now, what masks, what dances shall
 we have,
 To wear away this long age of three hours,
 Between our after-supper and bed-time?
 Where is our usual manager of mirth?
 What revels are in hand? is there no play,
 To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
 Call Philostrate.

Enter Philostrate.

Philoft. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this
 evening?

What mask? what music? how shall we beguile
 The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philoft. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe:
 Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*]

The. reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be
 By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.* [sung]

We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd,
 When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
 Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some satire, keen and critical;
 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scent of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisby; very tragical mirth.
 Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
 That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow *.
 How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words
 long,
 Which is as brief as I have known a play;
 But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
 Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
 There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
 And tragical, my noble Lord, it is;
 For Pyramus therein doth kill himself:
 Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess
 Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
 The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
 here,
 Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
 And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
 With this same play against your nuptials.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble Lord,
 It is not for you. I have heard it over,
 And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
 Unless you can find sport in their intents,
 Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
 To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
 For never any thing can be amiss,
 When simpleness and duty tender it.
 Go, bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

[Exit Philost.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
 And duty in his service perishing.

* The nonsense of this line should be corrected thus,

That is, hot ice, a wondrous strange show!

Warburton.

Mr Upton reads, not improbably,

And wondrous strange black snow. Johnson.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poor duty cannot do *,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Philostr. So please your Grace, the prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flour. trump.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Quince, for the prologue.

Prolog. If we offend, it is with our good will.—
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then—we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you—
Our true intent is.—All for your delight,
We are not here—that you should here repent you.

* We should read,
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes not in might, but merit. Johnson.

The actors are at hand; ——— and by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my Lord.
It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like
a child on the recorder; a sound, but not in go-
vernment.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; no-
thing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moonshine, and
Lion, *as in dumb shew.*

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, the vile wall which did these lovers sunder:
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moon-shine: for, if you will know,
By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which by name *Lion* hight,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright:

And as she fled, her mantle she let fall;

Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.

And Thisby, tarrying in the mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let *Lion*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,

At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*]

The. I wonder if the *Lion* be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord; one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, Pyr'mus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
O night which ever art, when day is not! [black!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.
And thou, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
That stands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne.

Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for
But what see I? no Thisby do I see. [this!
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,* is Thisby's cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisby.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me.

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink;
To spy, an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,
And like Limander am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-
way?

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I Wall my part discharged so:
And being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when walls are so
wilful, to hear without warning*.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and
the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not
theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, Ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

* Shakespeare could never write this nonsense: we
should read—to rear without warning. Warhurton.

For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my Lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my Lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present:

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present:

Myself the man i'th'moon doth seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i'th'moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you see it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; 'would he would change!

The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But silence; here comes Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh.— [*The Lion roars, Thisby runs off.*]

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisby.

Hip. Well shone, Moon.

Truly the Moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well mouz'd, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the Lion vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy funny beams;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay: O spight!

But mark, poor Knight,

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see!

How can it be!

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, you furies fell:

O Fates! come, come:

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions
frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come tears, confound:

Out sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus.
 Ay, that left pap,
 Where heart doth hop :
 Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,
 Now am I fled,

My soul is in the sky;
 Tongue, loose thy light,
 Moon, take thy flight;

Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Dies.

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but
 one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he
 is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet
 recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance the moonshine is gone, before
 Thisby comes back, and finds her lover?

Enter Thisby.

The. She will find him by star-light.
 Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one
 for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Py-
 ramus, which Thisby, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet
 eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.——

This. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? a tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily brows,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan!

His eyes were green as leeks.

O sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lave them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word :
Come, trusty sword ;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
And farewell, friends,
Thus Thisby ends ;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies.]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance, between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hung himself in Thisby's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your bergomask; let your epilogue alone.

[Here a dance of clowns.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost Fairy time.

I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have over-watch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf behowls the moon:

130 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S Act V.

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fore-done,
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, shrieking loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lyes in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the church-way paths to glide;
 And we Fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light;
 By the dead and drowsy fire,
 Every elf, and Fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier;
 And this ditty after me
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Queen. First rehearse this song by rote,
 To each word a warbling note.
 Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
 Will we sing and bless this place.

Ob. Now until the break of day †,
 Through this house each Fairy stray.

† This speech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the song. I have restored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the blessing which he intends to bestow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bless it, and his orders to the Fairies how to perform the necessary rites. But where then is the song?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is, that two songs are lost. The series of the Scene is this; after the speech of Puck,

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be :
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate;
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be :
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace.
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away,
Make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended ;
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend ;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long :

Oberon enters, and calls his Fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his Fairies to the dispatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose, were lost, because they were not inserted in the players parts, from which the drama was printed. *Johnson.*

Else the Puck a liar call:
 So, good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends;
 And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

* Of this play there are two editions in quarto, one printed for Thomas Fisher, the other for James Roberts, both in 1600. I have used the copy of Roberts, very carefully collated, as it seems, with that of Fisher. Neither of the editions approach to exactness. Fisher is sometimes preferable, but Roberts was followed, though not without some variations, by Hemings and Condell, and they by all the folios that succeeded them.

Of this play, wild and fantastical as it is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spencer's poem had made them great. *Johnson.*



THE
TWO GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.



VOL. I.

M

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Milan, father to Silvia.

VALENTINE, }
PROTHEUS, } The two gentlemen.

ANTHONIO, father to Protheus.

THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.

EGLAMORE, agent for Silvia in her escape.

HOST, where Julia lodges in Milan.

OUT-LAWS.

SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.

LAUNCE, the like to Protheus.

PANTHION, servant to Anthonio.

JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.

SILVIA, the Duke of Milan's daughter, beloved of
Valentine.

Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, *sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and
on the frontiers of Mantua.*

Of this play we have no edition more early than that
of 1623, in folio. *Johnson.*

T H E
TWO GENTLEMEN
O F
V E R O N A *.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

Valentine.

Cease to persuade, my loving Protheus ;
Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad ;
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)

* It is observable (I know not for what cause), that the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote.

Pope.

It may very well be doubted whether Shakespeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished, as being of a different stamp from the rest. *Hammer.*

By the internal marks of a composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I discover, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes,

Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? sweet Valentine, adieu;
Think on thy Protheus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans;

Coy looks with heart-fore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.

If haply won, perhaps an hapless gain:

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit;

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

the language and sentiments of Shakespeare. It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life; but it abounds in *grace* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are more eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because, being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription. *Johnson.*

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master; for he masters you,
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more, adieu; my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no: now let us take our
leave.

At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home; and so, farewell!
[Exit.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

S C E N E II*.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Protheus, save you; saw you my master?

* This whole scene, like many others in these plays,

Pro. But now he parted hence, t'imbark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Bad*.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton*; and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

(some of which I believe were written by Shakespeare, and others interpolated by the players) is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of the age he lived in; *populo ut placerent*. I wish I had authority to leave them out. *Pope*.

That this, like many other scenes, is mean and vulgar, will be universally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players, seems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticism. *Johns*.

* *Lac'd mutton* is a phrase antiently used for a lady of pleasure.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod? [*Speed nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I! why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, Sir: I said, she did nod: And you ask me, if she did nod; and I said, I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains; what said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this forth thy pains.
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have
testern'd me:

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter
yourself: and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Julia's chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Ful. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Ful. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names; I'll shew
my mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.

Ful. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a Knight well spoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Ful. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Ful. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Ful. How now? what means this passion at his
name?

Luc. Pardon, dear Madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Ful. Why not on Protheus, as on all the rest?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him best.

Ful. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Ful. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Ful. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Ful. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. The fire that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Ful. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their

Ful. I would I knew his mind. [love.

Luc. Peruse this paper, Madam.

Ful. To *Julia*; say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Ful. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think,
from Protheus.

He would have giv'n it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Ful. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth;

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper; see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Ful. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.

Ful. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have their proff'rer construe, *Ay*.

Fy, fy; how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod?

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
 My penance is to call Lucetta back,
 And ask remission for my folly past.
 What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your Ladyship?

Ful. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
 And not upon your maid.

Ful. What is't that you
 Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Ful. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Ful. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Ful. Then let it ly for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie, where it concerns,
 Unless it have a false interpreter.

Ful. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, Madam, to a tune :
 Give me a note; your Ladyship uan set.

Ful. As little by such toys as may be possible :
 Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Ful. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Ful. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Ful. Let's see your song :

How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
 And yet, methinks I do not like this tune.

Ful. You do not?

Luc. No, Madam, 'tis too sharp.

Ful. You, minion, are too faucy. [*Boxes her.*

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :
 There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Ful. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Protheus.

Ful. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation ! [Tears it.

Go, get you gone ; and let the papers ly :

You would be fingering them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Ful. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !

Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words !

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees that yield it with your stings !

I'll kiss each several paper for amends :

Look, here is writ *kind Julia* ; — Unkind *Julia* !

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones ;

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.

Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ;

And thus I search it with a sov'reign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down ;

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

'Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name : That some whirl-wind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea !

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ :

Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus,

To the sweet Julia : that I'll tear away ;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names :

Thus will I fold them one upon another ;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father

Ful. Well, let us go. [stays.

Luc. What, shall these papers ly like tell-tales
here ?

Ful. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :
Yet here they shall not ly, for catching cold.

Ful. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, Madam, you may say what sights you see :
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Ful. Come, come, will't please you go ? [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Anthonio's House.

Enter Anthonio and Panthion.

Ant. Tell me, Panthion, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him ?

Pant. He wonder'd that your Lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there ;
Some to discover islands far away ;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus your son was meet ;
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home ;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time ;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world :
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him ?

Pant. I think, your Lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your Lordship sent
him thither ;

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Ev'n with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al-
With other gentlemen of good esteem, [phonso,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall Protheus go.
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
Oh heav'nly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my Lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Mute not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentino in the Emp'r's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me:

To-morrow be in readiness to go.

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. [thee:
Come on, Panthion; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Ex. Ant. and Pant.*

Pro. Thus have I shun'd the fire, for fear of
burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Changes to Milan.

An apartment in the Duke's palace,

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed.

SIR, your glove—

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is
but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, Sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, Sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know Madam

Speed. She that your worship loves? [Silvia?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks; first, you have learn'd, like Sir Protheus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone like one that had the pestilence; to sigh like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C; to weep like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing; to speak pining, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? ev'n she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well-fa-

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, [your'd. But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her, And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding pup-
Now will he interpret to her. [pet!

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good mor-
rows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good ev'n; here's a million
of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thou-
sand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives
it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant, 'tis very clerkly
done.

Val. Now trust me, Madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of so much
pains.

Val. No, Madam, so it steed you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period; well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet.
[Aside.

Val. What means your Ladyship? do you not
like it?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:

I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your Ladyship another.

Sil. And when 'tis writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, Madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good morrow, servant. *[Exit.]*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being the scribe, to himself should
write the letter?

Val. How now, Sir, what are you reasoning with
yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have
the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself; why, she wooes you by a
figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me.

Speed. What need she,

When she hath made you write to yourself?

Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, Sir; but did you
perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and
there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well:

"For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,

"Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

" Or fearing else some messenger, that might her
" mind discover,
" Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto
" her lover."

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, Sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; though the came-
lion love can feed on the air, I am one that am nour-
ished by my victuals, and would fain have meat:
Oh be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Julia's house at Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner;
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take
you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I fight not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:

[*Exit Julia.*]

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word!
Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Changes to a street.**Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault; I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Protheus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the fowrest-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear! he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand; this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog; oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so; now come I to my father; father, your blessing; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother; oh that she could speak now!—like a wood woman! well, I kiss her; why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter Panthion.**Pan.* Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master

is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars: what's the matter? why weepest thou, man? away, afs, you will lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost, for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service,—— why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue?

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?——

Laun. Lose the flood, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide? why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Milan.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant,——

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, 'tis for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam; he is a kind of camelion.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, Gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet Lady, for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, Gentlemen, no more: here comes my father.

S C E N E V.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation;
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Protheus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow);
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, Sir, but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an Empress' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counsellor.
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:

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I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*]

Val. This is the gentleman I told your Ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lockt in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure I think she holds them pris'ners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind, and being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, Lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the
gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus: mistress, I beseech
you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: Sweet Lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady; but too mean a servant,
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet Lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Lord your father would speak
with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure: [*Exit serv.*]
Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me. And, once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your Ladyship.

[*Ex. Sil. and Thu.*]

S C E N E VII.

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much

Val. And how do yours? [commended.

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you?
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's for-
O gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord; [row.
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,

VOI. I.

O

Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what bragadism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus; all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
And I as rich, in having such a jewel, [own;
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our
marriage-hour;

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

[Exit Val.]

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
 So the remembrance of my former love
 Is, by a newer object, quite forgotten.
 Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
 Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
 That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
 She's fair; and so is Julia that I love;
 That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
 Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.
 Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
 And that I love him not as I was wont.
 O! but I love his lady too, too much;
 And that's the reason I love him so little.
 How shall I doat on her with more advice,
 That thus without advice begin to love her?
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
 And that hath dazzeled my reason's light:
 But when I look on her perfections,
 There is no reason but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring love, I will;
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to a street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone 'till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place 'till some certain shot be paid, and the hostels say, Welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently, where, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too. Look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, Ay, it will; if he say, No, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in love : if thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so ; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the alehouse with a Christian : wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX*.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn ;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn ;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn :
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear :
O sweet-suggesting love ! if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better,
Fy, fy, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,
Whose sov'reignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do :
But there I leave to love, where I should love :
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself :

* It is to be observed, that in the first folio edition, the only edition of authority, there are no directions concerning the Scenes ; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more consistency or regularity to the drama by such alterations. I make this remark in this place, because I know not whether the following soliloquy of Protheus is so proper in the street. *Johnson.*

If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia. ———
 I to myself am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still most precious in itself:
 And Silvia, witness heav'n, that made her fair!
 Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Remembering that my love to her is dead:
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:
 This night he meaneth, with a corded ladder,
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
 Myself in counsel his competitor.
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine:
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
 But Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

S C E N E X.

Changes to Julia's House in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta——Gentle girl, assist me;
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
 To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
 How with my honour I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Protheus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, 'till Protheus make return.

Ful. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Ful. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
'Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Ful. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your Ladyship must cut your hair.

Ful. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love-knots;
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your breeches?

Ful. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my Lord,
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, Madam.

Ful. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, Madam, now's not worth a pin, Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Ful. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly. But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me, For undertaking so untaid a journey? I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Ful. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go. If Protheus like your journey when you come, No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone: I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Ful. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear: A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears, And instances as infinite of love, Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Ful. Base men, that use them to so base effect! But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth; His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles; His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart; His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him!

Ful. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that To bear a hard opinion of his truth; [wrong, Only deserve my love, by loving him; And presently go with me to my chamber, To take a note of what I stand in need of, To furnish me upon my longing journey, All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, My goods, my lands, my reputation; Only in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence. Come, answer not; but do it presently; I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace, in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

Duke.

SIR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have some secrets to confer about.

[Exit Thurio.]

Now tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd;)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.

And that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble Lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently:
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But good my Lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discov'ry be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord: Sir Valentine is coming.

[Exit Protheus.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me a
I am to break with thee of some affairs [while;
That touch me near; wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my Lord; and sure the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, fullen, fro-
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty; [ward,

Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my possession, she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in

Duke. There is a Lady, Sir, in Milan, here, [this?
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best con-
Send her another; never give her o'er; [tents her:
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone:
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away*:
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces:
Tho' ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept
safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cash up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me
that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my Lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good Lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my Lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? what's here? *To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[*Duke reads.*

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying;
Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest
Because myself do want my servant's fortune; [them,
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.
What's here? Silvia, this night will I enfranchise
thee.*

'Tis so, and here's the ladder for the purpose.
 Why, Phaëton, for thou art Merops' son,
 Wilt thou aspire to guide the heav'nly car,
 And with thy daring folly burn the world?
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
 Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
 And think my patience, more than thy desert,
 Is privilege for thy departure hence.
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories,
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By Heav'n, my wrath shall far exceed the love
 I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
 Be gone; I will not hear thy vain excuse;
 But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Val. And why not death, rather than living tor-
 To die, is to be banish'd from myself: [ment?
 And Silvia is myself; banish'd from her,
 Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon:
 She is my essence, and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
 But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter Protheus and Launce.**Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!——

Pro. What see'st thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine,——

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing. I pray you,—

Pro. I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good
So much of bad already hath possess'd them. [news;

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are
vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearls, which some call tears;
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
As if but now they waxed pale for woe. [them,
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,

Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire;
 But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
 Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
 When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
 That to close prison he commanded her,
 With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
 speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life:
 If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
 As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
 And study help for that which thou lament'st.
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
 Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
 The time now serves not to expostulate;
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
 As thou lov'st Silvia, tho' not for thyself,
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an' if thou see'st my boy,
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Protheus.*]

S C E N E IV.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have
 the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave:
 but that's all one, if he be but one knave*. He
 lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am
 in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that

* We should read,—if he be but one KIND. Warburton.

from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages: she hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cat log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. *Imprimis*, she can fetch and carry; why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore she is better than a jade. *Item*, she can milk; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now. Signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fy on thee, jolt-head, thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grand-mother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and St Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. *Imprimis*, she can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item*, she brews good ale.

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb, *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item*, she can sowe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Can she so?*

Speed. *Item*, she can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock!

Speed. *Item*, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, she can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, she hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *bastard virtues*; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, she is not to be kist fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Speed. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, she doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, she is slow in words.

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices! to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, she hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, she is curst.

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, she will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, she is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down, she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may, and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop here; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, she hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible——

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the North gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—I'll after; to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love. Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight. [you,

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir Protheus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good Lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my Lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.

Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my Lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my Lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my Lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage
Your slander never can endamage him; [him,
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my Lord. If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.

But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me :
Which must be done by praising me as much,
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare trust you in this
kind,

Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large :
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect,
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay * lime to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poetry.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
Write 'till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity : —
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews † ;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

* That is, *birdlime*.

† This shews Shakespeare's knowledge of antiquity.
He here assigns Orpheus his true character of legislator.
For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given
to his lute is unintelligible. But, considered as a
lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquisi-
tely beautiful. For by his lute is to be understood his
system of laws : and by the *poet's sinews*, the power of
numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in those
laws, to make them received by a fierce and barbarous
people. *Warburton*.

Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forake unfounded deeps, to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet concert: to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
 Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently,
 To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music;
 I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace 'till after sup-
 And afterwards determine our proceedings. [per;

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A forest, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain outlaws.

1 *Outlaw.*

FELLOWS, stand fast, I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down
 with them.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have
 about you;

If not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
 that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,——

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

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3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose: A man I am, cross'd with adversity; My riches are these poor habiliments, Of which if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourned there?

Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have If crooked fortune had not thwarted me. [staid,

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse: I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent; But yet I slew him manfully in fight, Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so. But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy, Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar, This fellow were a King for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; 'tis an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this, have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen, Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth Thrust from the company of awful * men. Myself was from Verona banished,

* This, I think, should be *lawful*, in opposition to *lawless* men. In judicial proceedings the word has this sense.

For practising to steal away a Lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the Duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose ; — for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives ;
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want —

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you ;
Are you content to be our general ?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderness ?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our con-
Say ay, and be the captain of us all : [fort ?
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee ;
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us ; we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Changes to an open place, under Silvia's apart-
ment, in Milan.*

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already I've been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer ;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn,
 In breaking faith with Julia, whom I lov'd.
 And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
 But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
 And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Protheus; are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know, that love Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: now, gentlemen, Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

S C E N E III.

Enter Host, and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

*Who is Silvia, what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heav'ns such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair!
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? how do you, man? the music likes you not.

Ful. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Ful. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Ful. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Ful. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Ful. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Ful. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Ful. I would always have One play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Ful. Where is Launce?

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Hof. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his Lady.

Ful. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and music.*]

S C E N E IV.

Silvia above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your Ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen: Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, Lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle Lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this, That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many by thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale Queen of Night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And, by and by, intend to chide myself,

Ev'n for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady; But she is dead.

Ful. [*Afide.*] 'Twere false if I should speak it; For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend, Survives, to whom, thyself art witness, I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy Lady's grave, and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Ful. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Ful. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would,
Sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well *
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it;
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* Protheus and Silvia.

Ful. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Ful. Pray you, where lyes Sir Protheus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis
almost day.

Ful. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:

* This is hardly sense. We may read, with very little
alteration, *But since you're false, it shall become you well.*

Johnson.

There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam!

Silvia, above at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good mor-

Egl. As many, worthy Lady, to yourself: [row.
According to your Ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not,)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy Lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company;
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour;
But think upon my grief, a Lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know, they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,

As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell;
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your Ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle Lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Launce, with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppey, one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had no more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt them. Out with the dog, says one; what cur is that? says another? whip him out, says the third; hang him up, says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog: Ay, marry do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the

chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for the puddings he hath stoll'n, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for the geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

S C E N E VII.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please—I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt—How now, you whore-
son peasant, [To Launce.]

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the
dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and
tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such
a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No indeed, she did not: here I have brought
him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other squirrel was stoll'n from
me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and
then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as
ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say; stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[Exit Launce.]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,

That can, with some discretion, do my business,
 (For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;)
 But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour;
 Which, if my augury deceive me not,
 Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
 Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
 Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
 Deliver it to Madam Silvia.

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Ful. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her
 She's dead, belike. [token *:

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Ful. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, Alas?

Ful. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her.

Ful. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
 As you do love your Lady Silvia:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You doat on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give, there-
 withal,

This letter;—that's her chamber:—tell my Lady,
 I claim the promise for her heav'nly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
 Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit Protheus.

S C E N E VIII.

Ful. How many women would do such a message?
 Alas, poor Protheus, thou hast entertain'd
 A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
 Alas?—Poor fool! why do I pity him,
 That with his very heart despiseth me?
 Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
 Because I love him, I must pity him:
 This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

* I should correct this line thus,
 It seems you lov'd her not, nor love her token. Johnson.

To bind him to remember my good will.
 And now I am, unhappy messenger,
 To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
 To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
 To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
 I am my master's true confirmed love,
 But cannot be true servant to my master,
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
 As Heav'n it knows I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Gentlewoman, good day; I pray you, be my mean
 To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Ful. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Ful. From my master, Sir Protheus, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Ful. Ay, Madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
 Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Ful. Madam, may't please you to peruse this letter.
 —Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
 This is the letter to your Ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Ful. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold;

I will not look upon your master's lines;
 I know, they're stuff'd with protestations,
 And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
 As easily as I do tear his paper.

Ful. Madam, he sends your Ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
 For I have heard him say a thousand times,
 His Julia gave it him at his departure:
 Tho' his false finger have profan'd the ring,
 Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Ful. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Ful. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Ful. Almost as well as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Protheus hath for-
sook her.

Ful. I think she doth; and that's her cause of

Sil. Is she not passing fair? [sorrow.

Ful. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you:
And since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd * the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Ful. About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

* We should read,

And pitch'd the lily-tincture of her face.

i. e. turn'd the white tincture black, as the following line
has it,

That now she is become as black as I. Warburton.

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
 Alas, poor Lady! desolate and left!
 I weep myself to think upon thy words.
 Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
 For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
 Farewell. [Exit Silvia.]

Ful. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you
 know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
 I hope my master's suit will be but cold;
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
 Alas! how love can trifle with itself!
 Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
 Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine;
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
 What should it be that he respects in her,
 But I can make respect in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up;
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
 And were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so; or else, by Jove-I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Near the friar's cell in Milan.**Enter Eglamour.**Eglamour solus.*

THE sun begins to gild the western sky;
 And now it is about the very hour
 Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time:
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See, where she comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the Abbey-wall.
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off;
 If we recover that, we're sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Changes to an apartment in the Duke's palace.**Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.*

Thu. Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was;
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
 "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
 For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. *[Aside.]*

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. *[Aside.]*

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True, from a gentleman to a fool. *[Aside.]*

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them. *[Aside.]*

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Protheus? how now, *Thu.*
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late? *[rio?]*

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this ev'n, and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads tow'rd Mantua, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[Exit Duke.]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune where it follows her.
I'll after, more to be reveng'd of Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Ful. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the forest.

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come, be patient; we must bring
you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed he hath out-run us;
But Moyse and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to th' west end of the wood,
There is our captain: follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, [cave.
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Out-laws cave in the forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
 Left, growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was.
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
 —What hallo'ing, and what stir, is this to-day?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
 They've some unhappy passenger in chace.
 They love me well, yet I have much to do
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?
 [Val. *steps aside.*

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you,
 (Tho' you respect not aught your servant doth)
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him
 That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
 Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look:
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
 Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
 But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
 Rather than have false Protheus rescue me.
 Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love Valentine,
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
 And full as much, for more there cannot be,
 I do detest false perjur'd Protheus:
 Therefore begone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
 Would I not undergo for one calm look?
 Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
 When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's be-
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love, [lov'd.
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love; force you.

Sh. O heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine! ———

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith
or love;

For such is a friend now: thou treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,

I'm sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deep'st. Oh time, most curst!
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.

Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:

And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,

Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;

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By penitencé th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee *.

Ful. Oh me unhappy! [*Faints.*]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag; how now? what's
the matter? look up; speak.

Ful. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver
a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect
was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Ful. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*]

Pro. How? let me see:

This is the ring I gave to Julia.

Ful. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shows another ring.*]

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

Ful. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, Julia?

Ful. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root †?
Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh Heav'n!
were man

But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run thro' all sins:

* This passage either hath been much sophisticated,
or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did
not proceed from Shakespeare; for it is impossible he
could make Valentine act and speak so much out of cha-
racter, or give to Silvia so unnatural a behaviour, as to
take no notice of this strange concession if it had been
made. *Hanmer.*

† Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *cleft the root o'n't.*

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven,
I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

S C E N E V.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my Lord the Duke.
—Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The banish'd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia: and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath.

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,—
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,

Take but possession of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I—
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.

I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an Empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs;

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,

Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her:

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you,

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities :

Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.

They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd. I pardon them and
thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go; we will * include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my Lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he
blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my Lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
Come, Protheus, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt omnes* †.]

* Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *conclude*.

† In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the authour conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the Emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him; but never mentions him more; he makes Protheus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture, and if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot. *Johnson.*



M E A S U R E

F O R

M E A S U R E.



Dramatis Personæ.

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna.

ANGELO, lord deputy in the Duke's absence.

ESCALUS, } An ancient Lord, joined with Angelo
in the deputation.

CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.

LUCIO, a fantastic.

Two other like gentlemen.

* VARRIUS, a gentleman, servant to the Duke.

PROVOST.

THOMAS, } two friars.

PETER,

A Justice.

ELKOW, a simple constable.

FROTH, a foolish gentleman.

CLOWN, servant to Mrs Overdone.

ABHORSON, an executioner.

BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.

JULIET, beloved of Claudio.

FRANCISCA, a nun.

Mistress OVERDONE, a bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

Of this play the first known edition is the folio of 1623. *Johnson.*

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once spoken to, and says nothing. *Ib.*

MEASURE for MEASURE*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

Duke.

Escalus, —
Escal. My Lord.
Duke. Of government the properties t'un-
fold,

Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse;
Since I am not to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains:
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call
I say, bid come before us Angelo: [hither,
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul †
Elected him our absence to supply;

* There is perhaps not one of Shakespeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its author, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription.

† I read,

We have with special seal

Elected him our absence to supply.

A special seal is a very natural metonymy for a special commission. Johnson.

Lent him our terror, des'd him with our love;
 And giv'n his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power: say, what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is Lord Angelo.

S C E N E II.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That to th' observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own to proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues; them on thee.
 Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
 But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise;
 Hold therefore, Angelo:
 In our remove, be thou at full our self.
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary.
 —Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,

Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure
 Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evasion:

We have with heav'n'd and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.

SC. 3. MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 203

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare ye well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it.
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare ye well.

Ang. The heav'ns give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you, fare ye well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Street.

Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Luc. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to a composition with the king of Hungary, why,
then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?—

Luc. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Luc. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Luc. Ay, why not? grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Luc. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet †. Do I speak feelingly now?

Luc. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong, have I not?

† The jest about the pile of a French velvet, alludes to the loss of hair in the French disease; a very frequent topic of our author's jocularities. *Johnson.*

Sc. 4. MEASURE for MEASURE. 205

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Luc. A French crown more*.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am found.

Luc. Nay, not as one would say healthy; but so found as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feast of thee,

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you-all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's Claudio; Signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so. I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Luc. Believe me, this may be. He promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

* Alluding to the venereal scab upon the head, called *corona veneris*.

1 Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat *, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now, what's the news with you?

S C E N E V.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well, what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for feed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, Mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth. What shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you, you

* This may allude to the sweating sickness, of which the memory was very fresh in the time of Shakespeare: but more probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. *Johnson.*

Sc. 6. MEASURE for MEASURE. 207

that have worn your eyes almost out in the service,
you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's
withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the
Provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers. Lucio
and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to
th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight *.—
The words of Heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Luc. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes
this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty.
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So ev'ry scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Luc. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest,
I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet,
to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of
freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. What's
thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Luc. What is't? murder?

Claud. No.

Luc. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

* I suspect that a line is lost. *Johnson.*

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true con-
I got possession of Julietta's bed, [tract,
(You know the lady) she is fast my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chanches,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Luc. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault*, and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it strait feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: but this new governor)
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. — 'Tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so
tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be
in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and
appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation.

* We may read *flash*, for *fault*. Johnson.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
 I have great hope in that; for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechless dialect,
 Such as moves men! beside, she hath prosp'rous art
 When she will play with reason and discourse,
 And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may, as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours—

Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

A Monastery.

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father:—Throw away that thought—

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
 Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee
 To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
 More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
 Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
 How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
 Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
 I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
 A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
 My absolute pow'r and place here in Vienna;
 And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
 For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
 And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
 You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
 (The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,) Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;
 Ev'n like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their children's sight,
 For terror, not to use; in time the rod
 Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
 And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose:
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
 T' unloose this ty'd-up justice when you pleas'd:
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
 Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them,
 For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my fa-
 I have on Angelo impos'd the office: [ther,
 Who may in th' ambush of my name strike home,
 And yet my nature never in the sight
 To do it slander: and to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people. Therefore, pr'ythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
 At our more leisure, shall I render you;
 Only this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
 Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
 If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
You may; I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the Priorefs;
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit Fran.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be), as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less; can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison. [*You:*]

Isab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his
judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child,

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true: — I would not (though 'tis my
familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing *, and to jest,
 Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and fainted;
 By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
 As with a saint.

Ifab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus.

Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
 As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison, so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Ifab. Some one with child by him; — my cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Ifab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their
 By vain, though apt, affection. [names,

Lucio. She it is.

Ifab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
 In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
 By those that know the very nerves of state,
 His givings out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority,
 Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He, to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have long time run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions, hath pickt out an act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life

* The lapwing flies so low, and so near the passenger, that he thinks he has it, and then it is suddenly gone again. Hence it is used as a proverbial expression, to signify a lover's falsehood.

Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope's gone,
Unless you have the grace, by your fair prayer,
To soften Angelo; and that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so
Seek for his life?

Lucio. H'as censur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provost hath a warrant
For's execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, and Attendants.

Angelo.

WE must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, 'till custom make it

Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall †, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentle-
man,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.

Let but your Honour know,

Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,

That, in the working of your own affections,

Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood

Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose ;

Whether you had not sometime in your life

Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,

And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,

Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury passing on the prisoner's life,

May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,

Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes on. What know the laws,

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,

Because we see it ; but what we do not see,

We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence,

For I have had such faults ; but rather tell me,

When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,

And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.

Bring him his confessor ; let him be prepar'd ;

† I should rather read *fell*, i. e. strike down.

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.—[*Exit Prov.*]

Escal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall*: [all!]
Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

S C E N E II.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good
people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use
their abuses in common houses, I know no law;
bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and
what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor
Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do
lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before
your good Honour, two notorious benefactors?

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are
they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well
what they are; but precise villains they are, that
I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the
world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise of-
ficer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow
is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clown. He cannot, Sir, he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one
that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was,
as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now
she professes a hot-house; which I think is a very
ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n
and your Honour, —

* This line is in the first folio printed in Italicks as
a quotation. All the folios read, in the next line,
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none. Johnson.

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honest woman—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by Mistress Over-done's means, but as she spit in his face *, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (save your Honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your Honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clown. No indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right. But to the point; as I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said; Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three pence again;—

* Here seems to have been some mention made of Froth, who was to be accused, and some words therefore may have been lost, unless the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the gross ignorance of the Constable. *Johnson.*

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well, you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave: and I beseech you look into Master Froth here, Sir, a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the *bunch of grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then.—I hope, here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

S C E N E III.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your Lordship.

[Exit Angelo.]

Now, Sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good master Froth, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doth your Honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm; I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right; constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an' it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's officer: prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o'the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good Worship for't.

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What is't your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*]

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir?

[*To the Clown.*]

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth; farewell. [*Exit Froth.*]

S C E N E IV.

Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howsoever you colour it in being

a tapster; are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your Worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your Worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you; it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay*: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worship for your good counsel. [*aside.*] But I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

* A bay of building is the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three bays. Johnson.

S C E N E V.

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readines in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house; fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.* What's a clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio: But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so.

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet, poor Claudio!—there's no remedy.

Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Angelo's House.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come I'll tell him of you. [*straight;*

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know

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His pleasure ; 't may be, he'll relent. Alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!——

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will, Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hast thou not or-
Why dost thou ask again? [der?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine——

Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.—

What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place, and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good Lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit servant.*
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your honour.

Ang. Stay yet a while*.——[*To Isab.*] Y^e are wel-
come; what's your will?

* It is not clear why the Provost is bidden to stay,
nor when he goes out. *Johnson.*

Ifab. I am a woful suitor to your Honour,
Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well, what's your suit?

Ifab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well, the matter?

Ifab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, ev'ry fault's condemn'd, ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Ifab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heav'n keep your honour!

Luc. [To *Ifab.*] Give not o'er so: to him again,
intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Ifab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Ifab. Yes; I do think, that you might pardon him;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Ifab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Ifab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

[To *Ifabel.*

Ifab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were Isabel? should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Luc. [*aside.*] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were *, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? oh, think on that:
And mercy then will breathe within your lips †,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid.

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him.—He dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow, oh! that's sudden. Spare him,
Spare him;

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heav'n,
With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my Lord, bethink
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence? [you:
There's many have committed it.

Luc. Ay, well said.

[*Aside.*

* This is false divinity. We should read, *all the souls that ARE.* Warburton.

† This is a fine thought, and finely expressed: the meaning is, that mercy will add such grace to your person, that you will appear as amiable as man come fresh out of the hands of his Creator. Warburton.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
 Those many had not dar'd to do that evil, [slept :
 If the first man, that did th' edict infringe,
 Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake ;
 Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
 Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
 Or new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
 And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
 And now to have no successive degrees ;
 But ere they live to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice ;
 For then I pity those I do not know ;
 Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaul ;
 And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
 Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd ;
 Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sen-
 And he, that suffers. Oh, 'tis excellent [sence ;
 To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous,
 To use it like a giant.

Luc. That's well said. [Aside.

Isab. Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;
 For every pelting, petty officer
 Would use his heav'n for thunder ;
 Nothing but thunder. — Merciful heav'n !
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
 Than the soft myrtle : O, but man ! proud man,
 Drest in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n,
 As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Luc. [Aside.] Oh, to him, to him, wench ; he
 will relent ;

He's coming : I perceive't.

Prov. [To Lucio.] Pray heav'n, she win him !

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself :
 Great men may jest with saints ; 'tis wit in them ;

But, in the less, foul profanation.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Thou'rt right, girl; more o'that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the foldier is flat blasphemy.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense breeds with it. [*To Isab.*] Fare you

Isab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back. [*well.*

Ang. I will bethink me. Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my Lord,

Ang. How? bribe me? [*turn back.*

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heav'n shall share
with you.

Luc. You had marr'd all else. [*Aside.*

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to-morrow.

Luc. Go to; 'tis well; [*aside to Isabel.*] away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross †.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your Lordship?

* Mr Johnson thinks this should be read, *Which your prayers cross.*

Ang. At any time 'forenoon.

Ifab. Save your Honour! [*Exe. Lucio and Isabel.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?

Not she.—Nor doth she tempt.—But it is I,

That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty may more betray our sense,

Than woman's lightness? having waste ground

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary, [enough,

And pitch our evils there? oh, fy, fy, fy!

What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things

That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority,

When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?

Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,

With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous

Is that temptation, that dost goad us on

To sin in loving virtue. Ne'er could the strumpet,

With all her double vigour, art and nature,

Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid

Subdues me quite. Ever 'till this very now,

When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to a prison.

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost! so, I think, you are.

† As a day must now intervene between this conference of *Isabella* with *Angelo*, and the next, the act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. *Johnson.*

Prov. I am the Provost; what's your will, good Friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws * of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.

I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you, how you shall arraign your
And try your penitence, if it be sound, [conscience,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow's always tow'rd's ourselves, not
Heav'n;

* Dr Warburton reads, in the FLAMES of her own youth.

II.
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er,

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Shewing, we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

So, grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [Exit.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! oh, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exit.

S C E N E X.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and
pray

To sev'ral subjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd † and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest*.

Enter Servants.

How now, who's there?

† We should read SEAR'D; i. e. old. So Shakespeare
uses, in the *scar*, to signify old age. Warburton.

* The Oxford editor reads, *Is't not the devil's crest?*

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U

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Solus.*] Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both that unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Croud to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Ifab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Ifab. Ev'n so?—Heav'n keep your Honour!

[*Going.*]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Ifab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Ifab. When? I beseech you, that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fy, these filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heav'n's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Ifab. 'Tis set down so in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And say you so? then I shall poze you quickly,
Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she, that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for compt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you, granting my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine; either you're ignorant,
Or seem so craftily, and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross;
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the loss * of question), that you his sister,
 Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-binding law; and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
 What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself;
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed
 That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
 Better it were, a brother dy'd at once;
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
 That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
 Are of two houses; lawful mercy, sure,
 Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
 A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. Oh, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
 To have what we would have, we speak not what
 we mean;

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
 For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die.
 If not a feodary, but only he,
 Owe, and succeed by weakness!

* The loss of question I do not well understand, and
 should rather read,

But in the loss of question.

In the agitation, in the discussion of the question. *Johnson.*

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Ifab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help Heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well;

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since I suppose we're made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames), let me be bold;
I do arrest your words: be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Ifab. I have no tongue but one; gentle, my Lord,
Let me intreat you, I speak the formal language.

Ang. Plainly, conceive I love you.

Ifab. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Ifab. I know your virtue has a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Ifab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state,
Will so your accusation outweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,

That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother,
 By yielding up thy body to my will;
 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To ling'ring suff'rance. Answer me to-morrow;
 Or by th' affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.]

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
 Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof;
 Bidding the law make curtsy to their will;
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.
 Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste; and, brother, die;
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke.

SO, then, you've hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd
 to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: or death, or life,
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life;
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skiey influences
 That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool †;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
 For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep*,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
 And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloadeth thee. Friend hast thou none;
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee fire,
 The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the Gout, Serpigo, and the Rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth,
 nor age ‡;
 But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

† In the simplicity of the ancient shews upon our stage, it was common to bring in two figures, one representing a *fool*, the other *death* or *fate*. The turn and contrivance of the piece was to make the *fool* lay many stratagems to avoid *death*, which yet brought him more immediately into the jaws of it.

* I cannot without indignation find Shakespeare saying, that *death is only sleep*; lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the Friar is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar.

Johnson.

‡ This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding

Of palsied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? yet in this life
 Lie hid more * thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
 That makes all these odds even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
 And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them.

[*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

S C E N E II.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in Lord Angelo, having affairs to heav'n, [deed * :
 Intends you for his swift ambassador;
 Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.

time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures and performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening. *Johnson.*

* Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *a thousand deaths.*

† Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *most good in speed.*

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Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Ifab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Ifab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Ifab. Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint;
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Ifab. In such a one, as you, consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Ifab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tendernefs? if I must die,
I will encounter darknefs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Ifab. There spake my brother; there my father's
grave.
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i' th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Ifab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards. Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heav'ns! it cannot be.

Ifab. Yes, he would give't thee for this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Ifab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dearest Isabel.

Ifab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Ifab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh Isabel!

Ifab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Ifab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To ly in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment

Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Ifab. Oh, you beast!
Oh, faithless coward! oh, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? what should I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderiness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Ifabel*.

Ifab. Oh, fy, fy, fy!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Ifabel*.

S C E N E III.

To them, enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one

Ifab. What is your will? [word.

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I
would by and by have some speech with you; the
satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own
benefit.

Ifab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must
be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend
you a while.

Duke. [To Claudio *aside*.] Son, I have overheard
what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo
had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath
made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judg-

ment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy * your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[*Exit Claud.*]

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Prov.*]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made on you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his failing, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo? if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation.—He made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advising. To the love I have in doing

* We should certainly read, *Do not falsify your resolution, &c.* Warburton.

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good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. * I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful: have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him her portion, the finew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, (that in all reason should have quenched her love), hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St Luke's; there at the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Street.

Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns ! what stuff is here ?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law, a furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with ox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir.—Bless you, good father Friar.

Duke. And you, good brother ; what offence hath this man made you, Sir ?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law ; and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir ; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fy, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd !
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From such a filthy vice ? Say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending ! go, mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, Sir ; but yet, Sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath giv'n thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer ;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, Sir ; he has given him warning ; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-master ; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,

Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free !

S C E N E V.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist; a cord, Sir.—

Clown. I spy comfort: I cry, Bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine,

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, matter and method—is't not drown'd i'th' last rain? † ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it sad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub †.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unshunn'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey, farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd; for being a bawd:

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good Pompey: commend me to

† This strange nonsense should be thus corrected; *It's not down i'th' last reign, i. e. these are severities unknown to the old Duke's time.* Warburton.

† The method of cure for venereal complaints is grossly called the *powdering-tub.* Johnson.

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the prison, Pompey; you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir,

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, Friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go—to kennel, Pompey—go.

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown and Officers.]

S C E N E VI.

What news, Friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, Friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, Friar, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man

and woman after the downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him: Some, that he was got between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting of a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing of a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty—and his use was, to put a ducklet in her clack-dish *. The Duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pry'thee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No—pardon—'tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips. But this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wife.

Duke. Wife? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

* The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden dish, with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to shew that their vessel was empty. *Johnson.*

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diss. I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for intrussing. Farewel, good Friar; I pry'thee, pray for me, The

Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet.—And I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt of brown bread and garlick: say that I said so. Farewel. *[Exit.]*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the stand'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

S C E N E VII.

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my Lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit it: the same kind? this would make mercy swear *, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your Honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. This fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. *[Exeunt with the Bawd.]* Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this Friar has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

* We should read *swerve*, i. e. deviate from her nature. *Warburton.*

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To use it for my time. I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever
on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it.
Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous
to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous
to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce
truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but
security enough, to make fellowships accurst. Much
upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world;
this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news.
I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes,
Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry,
than merry at any thing which professed to make
him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But
leave we him to his events, with a prayer they
may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know,
how you find Claudio prepar'd: I am made to un-
derstand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister
measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles
himself to the determination of justice; yet had he
fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty,
many deceiving promises of life, which I by my
good leisure have discredited to him, and now is
he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'ns your function,
and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I
have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the ex-
tremest shore of my modesty; but my brother Ju-
stice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd
me to tell him, he is indeed *Justice*.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of

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his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you well. [Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

Duke. Peace be with you!
He, who the sword of Heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as severe:
Pattern in himself to know*,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking,
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward side!
How may that likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply;
With Angelo to-night shall ly
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall by th' disguis'd
Pay with falshood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [Exit.]

* These lines I cannot understand, but believe that they should be read thus:

Patterning himself to know,
In grace to stand, in virtue go. Johnson.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Grange.

Enter Mariana, and boy singing.

SONG.

*Take, oh take those lips away *,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.*

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical;
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for

* This is part of a little song of Shakespeare's own writing, consisting of two stanzas, and so extremely sweet, that the reader won't be displeased to have the other.

*Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops, the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears;
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.*

Warburton.

This song is entire in Beaumont's *Bloody Brother*, and in Shakespeare's Poems. The latter stanza is omitted by Mariana, as not suiting a female character. *Theobald.*

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me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have fate here all day.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:

Enter Isabel.

the time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key;
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't.
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No: none, but only a repair i' th' dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

S C E N E III.

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good Friar, I know you do ; and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;

The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you to walk aside ?

[Exeunt Mari. and Isab.]

Duke. O place and greatness ! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee : volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings : thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies !

S C E N E IV.

Enter Mariana, and Isabel.

Welcome ; how agreed.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all :
He is your husband on a pre-contract ;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin ;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go ;
Our corn's to reap ; for yet our tithe's to sew.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Prison.**Enter Provost and Clown.*

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, Abhorson! where's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fy upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.]*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you

have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine *.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof——

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, firrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade. Follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. *[Exit.]*

Prov. Call hither Barnardine, and Claudio:

* The text here is plainly maimed and deficient; the words by which Abhorson should prove the hangman's trade a mystery, are lost. But from what follows, the argument may be conjectured to have been this, That every man's apparel fitted the hangman; to which we may suppose the Clown replied, that for the same reason the same thing might be said of the thief's trade.— Yes, Sir, it is a mystery, &c. and this connects the rest that follows.

One has my pity ; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, tho' he were my brother.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
'Tis now dead mid-night, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless lay
When it lyes starkly in the traveller's bones. [bour,
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Exit Claud.*] But,
hark, what noise? [*Knock within.*

Heav'n give your spirits comfort!—by and by;—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Invellop you, good Provost! who call'd here of late?

Prov. None since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his pow'r
To qualify in others. Were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just. Now they are come.

[*Knock.* Provost goes out.]

This is a gentle Provost; seldom when
The steeld goaler is the friend of men.

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How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with haste,

That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes.

[Provost returns.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet, But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is, You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily

You something know; yet, I believe, there comes No countermand; no such example have we:

Besides, upon the very siege of justice

Lord Angelo hath to the public ear

Profest the contrary.

S C E N E VII.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him.

[Exit Messenger.

Duke. This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin,

[Aside.

For which the pardoned himself is in:

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority;

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.

Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurst up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitent in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but

in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifest effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke; you know the character,

I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing which Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ*. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd; put not yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy, when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were Mistress Over-done's own house; for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Mr Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper, and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five merks ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request; for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd fatten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Mr Deep-vow, and Mr Copper-spur, and Mr Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Mr Forthlight the tilter, and brave

* We should read—*here writ*—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. *Warburton.*

Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-canne that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorfon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, hoa, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noise there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake 'till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorfon? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing

how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you—

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit,

S C E N E IX.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows: bring him to the block*.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.*

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd this morning, of a cruel fever,
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour: what if we omit
This reprobate 'till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heav'n provides:
Dispatch it presently. The hour draws on

* Here is a line given the Duke which belongs to the Provost. The Provost, while the Duke is lamenting the obduracy of the prisoner, cries out, *After him, fellows,* &c. and, when they are gone out, turns again to the Duke. *Johnson.*

Prefix by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command, while I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and
Claudio:

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To th' under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,
(The Provost, he shall bear them); whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly; him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.]

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She comes to know,

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

S C E N E X.

*Enter Isabel.**Ifab.* Hoa, by your leave.—*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.*Ifab.* The better, giv'n me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Ifab. Nay, but it is not so.*Duke.* It is no other.

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience.

Ifab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.*Ifab.* Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heav'n.
Mark what I say; which you shall surely find
By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gave me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their pow'r. If you can pace
your wisdomIn that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.*Ifab.* I'm directed by you.*Duke.* This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you

Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

S C E N E XI.

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good even;—

Friar, where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Luc. Oh, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart
to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am
fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare
not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal
would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be
here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy
brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners
had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Exit Isabella.*]

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden
to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well
as I do; he's a better woodman than thou tak'st
him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare
ye well.

Luc. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can
tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already,
Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Luc. I was once before him for getting a wench
with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes, marry did I; but I was fain to for-
swear it; they would else have marry'd me to the
rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest:
rest you well.

V O L. I.

Z

Luc. By my troth I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, Friar, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XII.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd the other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness: pray Heaven his wisdom be not tainted. And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it an hour before his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i' th' morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit, as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deed unshapés me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid!

And by an eminent body, that enforc'd

The law against it!—but that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her No.

For my authority bears a credent bulk,

That no particular scandal once can touch,

But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,

Save that this riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;

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For so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had
liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[Exit.]

S C E N E XIII.

Changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters * at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.]

The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay; give the like notice
Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But send me Flavius first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.]

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made
good haste:

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth:
(I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part;) yet I'm advis'd to do it,

* Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his story
without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot
which he had formed. Johnson.

He says, to vail full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physio
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter——

Isab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
founded:

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A public Place near the City.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus,
Lucio, and Citizens at several doors.*

Duke.

MY very worthy cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to
see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal
Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,

When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

[As the Duke is going out.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel
before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid.
Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye,
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom?
be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, oh, hear
me here.

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm;
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murd'rer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;

Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange :
Nay, it is ten times truer ; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her : poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not im-
possible

That, which but seems unlike ; 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain : believe it, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As ne'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason
For inequality ; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid ;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.
What would you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo :
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother. One Lucio
Was then the messenger——

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace :

I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. [*To Lucio.*

Lucio. No, my good Lord, nor wish'd to hold my
peace.

Duke. I wish you now then ;

Pray you, take note of it : and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heav'n you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself ; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it :

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again : the matter ; — proceed.

Isab. In brief ; (to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd ;
For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscent intemp'rate lust,
Release my brother ; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him : but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely !

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true !

Duke. By Heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity

Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemence he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say, by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance. Heav'n shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer—
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? this needs must be practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father; belike:—Who knows
that Lodowick?

Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tisa meddling Friar;
I do not like the man; had he been lay, my Lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good Friar;
belike;

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute!—let this Friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my Lord, she and that
Friar——

I saw them at the prison:—a sawcy Friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick which she speaks of?

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Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy ;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My Lord, most villainously ; believe it.

Peter. Well ; he in time may come to clear him-
self ;

But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,
Of a strange fever. On his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo), came I hither
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false ; and what he with his oath,
By all probation, will make up full clear
Whenever he's convented. First, for this woman ;
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
'Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good Friar, let's hear it.

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo ?
O Heav'n ! the vanity of wretched fools !——
Give us some seats ;—come, cousin Angelo,
In this I will be partial : be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, Friar ?

[Isabella is carried off guarded.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Mariana veiled.

First let her shew her face ; and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not shew my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd ?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a maid ?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A widow then ?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Lucio. My Lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confess I ne'er was marry'd; And I confess, besides, I am no maid; I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my Lord.

She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband. [To Mariana.]

Mari. Why, just, my Lord; and that is Angelo; Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body; But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse—let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel;
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confess I know this woman;

And five years since there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,

Partly for that her promised proportions

Came short of composition; but, in chief,

For that her reputation was disvalu'd

In levity; since which time, of five years,

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heav'n, and words from breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly

As words could make up vows; and, my good Lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,

He knew me as a wife. As this is true,

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confix'd here,

A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile 'till now.

Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of justice:

My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive

These poor informal women are no more

But instruments of some more mightier member

That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,

To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;

And punish them unto your height of pleasure.

Thou foolish Friar, and thou pernicious woman,

Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou thy oaths,

Tho' they would swear down each particular saint,

Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,

That's seal'd in approbation? you, Lord Escalus,

Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another Friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord; for he, indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your Provost knows the place where he abides ;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly :

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement : I for a while
Will leave you ; but stir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.. *[Exit.]*

Escal. My Lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior
Lucio, did not you say, you knew that Friar Lodo-
wick to be a dishonest person ?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in
nothing but in his cloaths ; and one that hath spoke
most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he
come, and inforce them against him ; we shall find
this Friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again ; I
would speak with her : pray you, my Lord, give me
leave to question ; you shall see how I'll handle
her.

Lucio. Not better than he, 'by her own report.

Escal. Say you ?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think if you handled her
privately, she should sooner confess ; perchance
publickly she'll be asham'd.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost.
Isabella is brought in.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time—speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum——

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place—and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But oh, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress: is the Duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,

And put your trial in the villain's mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd Friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

T' accuse this worthy man, but with foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain;

And then to glance from him to th' Duke himself,

To tax him with injustice?—take him hence;

To th' rack with him—we'll touze you joint by joint,

But we will know your purpose—what? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare no more stretch

This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
 His subject I am not,
 Nor here provincial; my business in this state
 Made me a looker on here in Vienna;
 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
 'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults;
 But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
 Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
 As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' state! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate;

Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? and was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to prison:—where is the Provost?—away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more;—away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companions.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a-while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir. Why, you bald-pated lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off*?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a Duke.—

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.—
Sneak not away, Sir; [*To Lucio;*] for the Friar and you

Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him.—Sir, by your leave:— [*To Angelo.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good Prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame;
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:

* This is intended to be the common language of vulgar indignation. Our phrase, on such occasions, is simply, *show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged.* The words, *an hour*, have no particular use here, nor are authorised by custom. I suppose it was written thus, *show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged—an' how? wilt not off?* In the Midland counties, upon any unexpected obstruction or resistance, it is common to exclaim *an' how?* Johnson.

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Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord,

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, Friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.]

S C E N E V.

Escal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel;

Your Friar is now your Prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attornied at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart:
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be so lost. Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort;

So happy is your brother.

S C E N E VI.

[*Enter* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.]

Isab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching
here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd

Sc. 6. MEASURE for MEASURE. 281

Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him
 For Mariana's sake : but as he adjudg'd your brother,
 Being criminal, in double violation
 Of sacred chastity, and in promise-breach,
 Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,
 The very mercy of the law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
 An Angelo for Claudio; death for death.
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
 Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
 Then, Angelo, thy faults are manifested;
 Which tho' thou would'st deny, deny thee vantage.
 We do condemn thee to the very block,
 Where Claudio stoop'd to death; and with like
 haste——

Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious Lord,
 I hope you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
 I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
 And choak your good to come. For his possessions,
 Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
 We do enstate and widow you withal,
 To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear Lord,
 I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege—— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour——

Away with him to death—— Now, Sir, to you.

[To Lucio.

Mari. Oh, my good Lord!—Sweet Isabel, take
 my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
 I'll lend you all my life, to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her;
 Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,

And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.—
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
—Oh, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Ifab. Most bounteous Sir, [Kneeling.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me *; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.
For Angelo,

* The Duke has justly observed, that Isabel is *importuned against all sense* to solicit for Angelo, yet here *against all sense* she solicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary.

*A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die.*

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged against him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only *intent* which *his act* did not overtake, was the defilement of Isabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were such, as must sufficiently justify punishment, whether its end be to secure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example; and I believe every reader feels some indignation when he finds him spared. From what extenuation of his crime can Isabel, who yet supposes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour? *Since he was good 'till he looked on me, let him not die.* I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raises the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. *Johnson.*

Sc. 7. MEASURE for MEASURE. 283

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects:
Intent, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my Lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say—
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good Lord; it was by private mes-
sage.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office.
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord.

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.]

Escal. I'm sorry one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. 'Tis this, my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.

Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;

But for those earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
[To Isab.]

Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
(Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,)
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe *;
Methinks, I see a quickning in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well;
Look that you love your wife; her worth works yours.

I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[To Lucio.]

One of all luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Luc. Faith, my Lord, I spoke it but according to
the trick: if you will hang me for it, you may; but
I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child; let her appear,

* It is somewhat strange that Isabel is not made to
express either gratitude, wonder or joy, at the sight of
her brother. *Johnson.*

Sc. 7. MEASURE for MEASURE. 285

And he shall marry her. The nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your highness, do not marry me
to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made
you a Duke; good, my Lord, do not recompence me,
in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punk, my Lord, is pressing to
death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good-
ness*:

There's more behind, that is more grate.ate.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrefey;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
Th' offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:

* I have always thought that there is great confusion
in this concluding speech. If my criticism would not
be censured as too licentious, I should regulate it thus:

*Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrefey;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.*

Ang. Th' offence pardons itself.

Duke. There's more behind

*That is more grate.ate. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion, &c. Johnson.*

So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt* †.]

† I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment Shakespeare has given turns to this story, from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the *first* place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governor sends his head in a bravado to the sister, after he had debauched her on promise of marriage: a circumstance of too much horror and villainy for the stage. And, in the *next* place, the sister afterwards is, to solder up her disgrace, married to the governor, and begs his life of the Emperor, though he had unjustly been the death of her brother: both which absurdities the poet has avoided by the episode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The Duke's remaining incognito at home, to supervise the conduct of his Deputy, is also entirely our author's fiction.

This story was attempted for the scene, before our author was fourteen years old, by one George Whetstone, in *Two Comical Discourses*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous history of Promos and Cassandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with Sir Humphry Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publish.

Theobald.

The novel of Cynthio Giraldi, from which Shakespeare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakespeare illustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks, which will assist the inquirer to discover how much absurdity Shakespeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cynthio was not the author whom Shakespeare immediately followed. The Emperor in Cynthio is named *Maximine*, the Duke, in Shakespeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called *Vincentio*. This appears a very slight remark; but since the Duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called *Vincentio* among the Persons, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at

the head of the list, by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio Duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine Emperor of the Romans.

Of this play the light or comic part is very natural and pleasing; but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the Duke, and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved.

Johnson.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.